Truman's Troubles Begin—*Willard Shelton*

THE Nation

November 25, 1950

PAUL BLANSHARD

Population & Poverty

The Birth-Control Struggle in Italy

*

G. B. S.

The Universal Humanist

BY H. N. BRAILSFORD

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Legalized Gambling Doesn't Pay - - - *Carey McWilliams*
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THE Nation

AMERICA'S LEADING LIBERAL WEEKLY SINCE 1865

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The Shape of Things

SECRETARY ACHESON MAY HAVE THOUGHT we exaggerated when we warned that by helping to open the back door of the United Nations to Franco the United States would forfeit whatever friends remained among democratic Spaniards. If so he will do well to read the impressive statement by Indalecio Prieto, the right-wing Socialist leader who for years has been attacked by Spanish Communists as an "agent of Washington." Señor Prieto's pro-American sympathies are genuine, but he used bitter terms in discussing the recent United Nations vote rescinding the anti-Franco resolution of 1946. Interviewed last week in France, Prieto said: "As a democrat I am ashamed that it was the United States, the guide of world democracy, that played such a sad role at Lake Success; as a Socialist I am still more ashamed that among the ten delegations which voted against Franco, one does not find any of the European governments in which Socialists are fully or partially represented." The allusion to Great Britain and France is clear. As an even more dramatic reaction to the betrayal of Spanish democracy by the Western democracies Señor Prieto took the first boat sailing from France and went back to Mexico. For the past two years he has been working in France for a moderate, compromise solution of the Spanish issue, even favoring a coalition with the Monarchists. He justified his departure by saying that after the United Nations decision there was nothing more to do. In his view the United States and the countries of Western Europe, by accepting Franco, have ruled out the possibility of a middle-way solution, and the fight from now on will be between Franco and the extreme left, whose influence he sees bound to increase rapidly.

*

SENOR PRIETO TOOK HIS LEAVE BEFORE learning that Administration flip flops on the issue of Franco Spain scored a dismal record last week with the announcement that dollar loans *would* be granted after all. The result was to vitiate the effect of Mr. Truman's earlier statement that it would be a long, long time before he named an American ambassador to the Spanish capital. That statement, coming immediately after the United States had taken the lead in reversing the U. N. ban on ambassadors to Madrid, seems quixotic and gave the impression that Mr. Truman did not know what his subordinates were doing. Apparently the pro-Franco forces in the State Department went to work on the President, and succeeded in erasing, at least in large measure, any possible misunderstanding. Still denying sympathy for the fascist regime but claiming to see no alternative to Franco but communism, these officials will continue to urge the President to name an ambassador to a government which Mr. Truman personally despises and distrusts. Today the dictator can rejoice over having won a victory without paying for it with a single one of the financial reforms previously demanded as the condition of economic aid. If to our surrender on the matter of loans should be added the naming of an ambassador, American democracy will stand before the world as the chief sponsor of Franco's respectability, and his press will have a real cause for celebration.

*

BY WINNING THE ELECTIONS LAST SUNDAY in the two states of Hesse and Württemberg-Baden, in the American zone, the German Socialists added new complications to the already difficult problem of West German rearmament. Although many domestic problems were involved in the vote for new state parliaments, the basic issue was Chancellor Adenauer's demand for German contingents in a European army. Both Dr. Adenauer and Dr. Schumacher, the Social Democratic leader, participated personally in the campaign, the Chancellor appealing to the Germans "to be ready to take up arms in defense of freedom," Schumacher insisting that support for Adenauer meant "favoring remilitarization unconditionally." The Communists, who had held a handful of seats in both parliaments as the result of proportional representation, failed to obtain even the necessary 5 per cent of the vote and were left, for the first time since the end of the war, without a single deputy. Apart from the clear indication on the question of rearmament, however, it would be dangerous to assume that the Socialist victory means a solid strengthening of the democratic forces. In Württemberg-Baden, for example, the People's Party of Premier Reinhold Maier made gains in spite of its involvement in a series of denazification scandals. But overshadowing all this for the moment is the fact that the election was

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a sharp setback for the Bonn republic's government party—the Christian Democratic—and its leader, Chancellor Konrad Adenauer.

*

THE BASIC ISSUE IN THE TELEPHONE STRIKE was the extreme reluctance of the giant American Telephone and Telegraph Company to modernize its labor relations. In repeated negotiations telephone workers have tried to get A. T. and T. to raise wages and to grant industry-wide union recognition. The company maintains the fiction that its operating and manufacturing affiliates are "independent," and therefore must negotiate separately with fragmented sections of the C. I. O. Communication Workers of America or with various A. F. of L. and independent unions. Bureau of Labor Statistics figures reveal the result: telephone wages lag behind those in other fields. The average wage in July, 1950, was $1.40 an hour as contrasted with $1.75 for automobile workers and $1.70 for steel workers. In the recent Western Electric strike the difference between union wage demands and company offers was not large: the rub came from the fact that certain companies in other industries have voluntarily reopened contracts and offered raises to cover increased costs of living that exceeded those grudgingly proposed by Western Electric when a strike seemed inevitable. Other companies have voluntarily added "escalator" clauses to cover future increases in living costs; Western Electric first insisted on freezing wages for sixteen to eighteen months, finally settling for a fifteen-month contract. A. T. and T. could check the yearly strikes and strike threats if it would accept the facts of life about collective bargaining and good labor relations. Until it does, costly and possibly lengthy disputes are likely to be an ugly feature of the telephone industry.

*

WHEN MAYOR QUIGG NEWTON OF DENVER announced that the flag of the Soviet Union would be flown on Armistice Day, along with the flags of all other nations, Colorado's captious and publicity-mad Attorney-General, John W. Metzger, proposed to take action under an old Colorado statute that makes it illegal to fly "the red flag of anarchy." To this outburst Mayor Newton replied simply that "Russia is a member of the United Nations, and we cannot permit a symbolic demonstration of allegiance to the principles of the United Nations to be distorted into an act of disloyalty to the United States." Apparently the people of Denver concurred. On November 5 Metzger was rated by Research Service, Inc., a fifty-one to forty-nine favorite; yet he lost by a fifty-two to forty-eight margin, with Denver accounting for most of the defection. Pollsters believe it was the flag incident that cost Metzger the election. In a campaign in which demagoguery was rampant, even the mild rebuke implicit in this incident should not pass unnoticed. . . . On another front of the flag war,

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which appears to be raging in towns and cities throughout the country, the United Nations appears to have won a victory second only to the liberation of South Korea. In the face of bitter opposition from veterans' groups, misguided patriots, and professional descendants of better patriots, United Nations flags have been sent to all New York City public schools for use on "appropriate occasions." For this courageous and eminently sensible action "full responsibility" is assumed by Dr. William Jansen, Superintendent of Schools, a man with whom the editors of this banned journal have not always seen eye to eye.

*

THE DEATH OF LOUIS S. WEISS MEANS AN even greater loss to liberalism in this country than the impressive list of his achievements and connections would indicate. He had a hand in two courageous attempts to establish an independent, socialy oriented newspaper in New York—*PM* and the *Star*—and his strenuous term as president of the Board of Trustees of the New School for Social Research demonstrated the same interest applied in the field of education. His share in the fight against racial discrimination of every sort was equally important. But none of these public activities fully revealed the quality of mind and feeling that made Louis Weiss's contribution unique. It was perhaps his fine discriminations and his humorous detachment, combined with a quiet but intense passion for social and individual justice, that accounted for the influence he exercised. He was a man to whom his friends automatically turned for a kind of wise and imaginative comprehension seldom come upon in people burdened, as he was, with the overwhelming pressures of a desperate age.

When E. C. A. Is Over

LAST March the President asked Gordon Gray, former Secretary of the Army and now president of the University of North Carolina, to make a study of our foreign economic relations and to recommend policies which would "serve best to reinforce our economic strength and that of the other free nations of the world." At the time Mr. Truman was presumably looking ahead to the end of Marshall Plan aid in 1952 and seeking guidance on the more or less permanent problem created by the disparity between our enormous economic strength and the weakness of many of the other countries with which we are cooperating.

The outbreak of the Korean war and the decision of the United States and other Western powers to undertake large-scale rearmament programs introduced a number of important new factors which Mr. Gray and his assistants had to take into account. Massive purchases of strategic raw materials practically closed the dollar gap and gave Britain and various other countries a chance to strengthen their gold reserves. But while the armaments boom solved some problems, it created others. The steep rise in commodity prices produced inflationary symptoms in some countries (see Keith Hutchison's discussion of Australian problems on page 486) and threatened the painfully achieved stability of others. Temporarily Britain and other Western European nations enjoyed a stronger foreign demand for their industrial products but at the same time found themselves forced to consider a diversion of resources from exports and domestic investment to arms production.

Nevertheless, as Mr. Gray says in his report, published on November 12, although the "dimensions" of the problem have changed and the difficulties of its solution increased, its basic nature remains the same. In the social and economic field it is more necessary than ever for the free nations to "maintain the offensive." More than ever they must seek to "demonstrate that effective use of resources and the establishment of peace and justice can be achieved without the loss of political, economic, and religious freedoms which disappear under Soviet dictators. In that demonstration the achievements and contributions of our own free economic and political institutions can play a major part."

There is no doubt that large-scale American aid has been of vital importance in promoting recovery in Western Europe and Japan since 1945. As the Gray report points out, pre-war production levels have been reestablished and in some cases surpassed; substantial investments in new plant and equipment have been made; international trade has been restored to something like its pre-war volume. Nevertheless, rearmament is bound to introduce new economic strains, and it is to our interest to see that the progress achieved is not lost. While we may expect our partners to make sacrifices to secure Western defenses, it is important that they should not be forced to cut civilian consumption so drastically as to undermine their economic health and political cohesion. Consequently Mr. Gray recommends that, in addition to military equipment, continued financial aid should be given to Western Europe, and possibly Japan, for a period of three or four years.

In most of the world's underdeveloped areas but little progress has been registered in the last five years. A subsistence economy leaves them without any margin of real savings from which to finance productive investment; they need large amounts of foreign capital as well as technical guidance and assistance in establishing more efficient administrative machinery. Yet the abject poverty that afflicts hundreds of millions in the underdeveloped countries breeds an unrest that is a menace to the whole free world. It is essential, therefore, to the success of the strategy that this country is pursuing, to help such areas make better use of their resources and improve their

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living standards. To this end the Gray report recommends the encouragement of private investment by government guaranties, the provision of loans on a much larger scale than hitherto by the International Bank and the Export-Import Bank, and larger direct grants from the United States for technical assistance.

Important as the role of financial aid can be in building up the social and economic ramparts of the free nations, it will not alone suffice for the realization of our goal—"a peace which rests upon the firm foundations of an expanding world economy." We have in the years since the war steadily stressed the need to lower trade barriers and remove discriminatory practices in international trade, and Mr. Gray believes that despite the strains of rearmament we should continue to seek these ends. He has the courage to point out, however, that we are likely to make much greater headway when we begin to put our own house in order and revise trade, agricultural, and shipping legislation which, directly or indirectly, impedes unfairly the commerce of foreign nations.

These are a few of the highlights of a notable document which gives a new authority to policies advocated by most American economists for years, and which, incidentally, have been consistently supported by this magazine. Unfortunately, that does not insure their acceptance by the Congress which has just been elected. Moreover, the report is written in a dry and over-abstract style, and is therefore hardly likely to prove a best-seller and to start a grass-roots movement for its implementation. Thus while agreeing with the President about the value of Mr. Gray's recommendations, we should like to suggest that as a first step toward their realization he give orders for the production of a popular illustrated version of the report.

Truman and Congress

INEVITABLY President Truman has announced his intention to press for all of his program in spite of the election returns, and characteristically he voices the expectation that the Eighty-second Congress will give him all he asks. Ignoring the ritual of politics, not to mention the President's native, almost professional, optimism, we think his approach is basically warranted. It is highly improbable, as Willard Shelton points out elsewhere in this issue, that he will get some of the key measures he has long requested, but both politically and morally he is committed to go on fighting for them as well as for the likelier objectives of his program. The 1948 campaign against the "Do-Nothing Eightieth Congress" abundantly proved he has nothing to lose by such a course and everything to gain.

Political tactics aside, moreover, the election results indicate no popular repudiation of the Fair Deal as such. Since we argued, editorially, last week against the tendency to draw generalizations from the vote, further supporting information has accumulated. Senator Taft, now more than ever entitled to the designation of "Mr. Republican," has himself discounted the returns as a national directive—"I never think an election is a mandate for anything." This is especially pertinent on the question of McCarthyism, which now appears less than ever to have won anything resembling public indorsement. Apart from the special circumstances that obtained in Maryland—the opposition of Negro voters to Senator Tydings because of his persistent defense of segregation, the hostility of labor because of his thoroughly conservative record, and the weakness of his ticket—the rift in the Democratic Party of that state is shown to have been a powerful factor in ousting the Senator who had acted as McCarthy's nemesis. In a post-election interview appearing in *U. S. News and World Report* Tydings is quoted as attributing his defeat almost entirely to a primary "so bitter that it demoralized the Democratic Party and brought on a situation that has no parallel in Maryland politics, where the party was split completely down the middle." Democratic candidates for lesser office suffered almost equally heavy losses, with no issue of McCarthyism involved.

From Wisconsin comes the even more striking report that McCarthy's activities on behalf of Senator Wiley actually lost votes for the Republicans. Not only did the Democrats boost their share of the total vote by 2 per cent, as compared with 1948, but they registered their most impressive gains precisely in those counties where McCarthy campaigned. In all but one of these the Republicans showed losses, although an off-year election should clearly have favored them. It would appear, on the whole, that the President has every license to continue his efforts to have the McCarran-Mundt-Nixon bill drastically amended and to retain his Secretary of State, Harold Stassen to the contrary notwithstanding.

While Republican campaigners did in fact make a whipping-boy of Mr. Acheson, they offered so little in the way of an alternative foreign policy for the future that no change can be expected from the Administration in this all-important field. With the possible exception of Senator-elect Dirksen, Colonel McCormick's candidate, no Republican even hints that the vote represented a swing toward isolationism, and even bitter opponents of the policy in Asia go along, at least in theory, with the program for Europe. Nevertheless, foreign policy is likely to be a savage issue in the months ahead, though more, perhaps, for the political capital that can be made of it than to force any fundamental shift. "Anybody is an idiot," Taft says, "who calls anybody else an isolationist," but foreign policy must be "thoroughly examined" all the same. The prospect of a group of Senate Republicans pawing over the Administration's diplom-

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acy at a moment of supreme international tension, as though it were possible to weave and reweave it at a moment's notice, drew a quick and perhaps overheated retort from Mr. Acheson. The isolationist, he remarked testily, had evidently given way to the "reexaminist," but the two were really the same creature and "incapable of the very foundations of leadership." There is mounting evidence that the "reexaminists," with a passion for paring appropriations, mean to make trouble for the Administration, starting with the proposal to help Yugoslavia and going on from there to a dangerous reconsideration of the entire program of economic aid to Western Europe.

In the field of domestic legislation the President can hardly expect to get action on his federal health-insurance proposal or on the Brannan farm plan, but the appeal of his party in 1952 depends on the sense which the Administration conveys to the country that it knows what it wants and is prepared to do battle for it. Democratic candidates who made a forthright campaign for a liberal program—men like Benton, Lehman, Hennings, Williams, Monroney, and even losers like Bowles, Myers, and Dilworth—in general fared better than those who, like Lucas, "ran scared," pulling their punches and protesting their innocence of any taint of radicalism, or those who, like Ferguson, "ran ignorant."

On at least two fronts the President can show very quickly that there is still in him the spark that appealed so strongly two years ago. He can renew his campaign for civil rights—no Republican will dare to interpret the elections as a rejection of that program, and even South Carolina voted to abolish the poll tax—and he can use his considerable influence to get a decent majority leader in the Senate. Much of his trouble with the Eighty-first Congress has stemmed from the bumbling performance of Scott Lucas, out of whose defeat should be gleaned at least the prospect of a bolder and more intelligent leadership of Administration forces in the upper chamber. If Mr. Truman allows a diehard Southerner like Russell of Georgia to take the reins, he will have surrendered unconditionally before he has been beaten. The task of a majority leader who enjoys a majority of two is at best an appalling one, requiring spirit and conviction as well as skill. If Administration Democrats in the Senate succeed in replacing Lucas with a man like O'Mahoney of Wyoming, or McMahon of Connecticut, the country will know that the President means business.

"SOME FEATHERS FOR IT TO FLY WITH, MISTER VISHINSKY?"

London *Daily Herald*

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Marking Time

BY J. ALVAREZ DEL VAYO

Lake Success, November 18

THROUGH this week's lengthy and somehow academic discussions in the Security Council of the resolution asking Communist China to pull its troops out of North Korea, the fear of embroiling the United Nations even further was constantly evident. No one advanced any extreme proposals, such as were made outside the U. N., to denounce Communist China as an aggressor and apply sanctions. On the contrary, although strong words were exchanged by the partisans of both sides, everything was done to avoid decisions which would make it still more difficult to find a way out of the present blind alley.

In the lobbies there was much speculation as to the demands likely to be put forward by the Chinese Communist delegation now headed for Lake Success, whose departure was signaled by salvos from the Peking radio blasting President Truman's and Secretary Acheson's assurances that the United States had no aggressive intentions in China. But one demand may already be considered certain: that the United Nations forces—in which Communist China sees only an American army headed by a U. N. army band with Mr. Trygve Lie as drum-major twirling the big baton—be evacuated from the area along the Manchurian border. For here on both sides of the Yalu River are located large industrial installations, including the Suiho dam, electric-power development, the most powerful in all Asia, the Changjin-Pujon reservoir and power system, and the coal and iron mines of Tungpientao around the city of Tunghwa, all of vital importance to the People's Republic of China. There is also increasing talk about the possibility that Peking will try to secure a buffer state on the Korean side of the border to protect this area.

The weather helped discourage precipitate action. Details about the hardships of a war waged not only against armies and determined guerrillas but also against the Korean winter reinforced the general reluctance to extend the area and ferocity of the struggle.

Within the newly appointed Korean Commission there was neither cheerful confidence nor agreement on the main issues. One of the chief difficulties is money. The United States is, to date, the only nation participating in the Korean fighting which has contributed funds for the commission's work. The United Nations' appropriation for Korea, voted by the Assembly some weeks ago, includes $250,000,000 for relief and rehabilitation and another $100,000 to $200,000 for the expenses of the commission. But though these sums are small, there is little indication that the nations which voted them will make them available before Mr. Truman presents Congress with the costs of the Korean war. Within the commission the belief has spread that it will be as hard to get the nations which have supported U. N. action in Korea to produce the dollars as it has been to get them to send men to the front. This is only another example of the willingness of most members of the United Nations to allow the United States to put up the money for every project that comes along. In view of this irresponsible attitude, there should be less complaining when Washington shows a tendency to run things its own way. The adage "who pays the piper . . ." applies as well in the United Nations as elsewhere in the world.

The incredible confusion of the arrangements for the administration of North Korea is causing the United Nations Commission more headaches. Four or five different authorities are in open competition for supreme power: the President of the South Korean Republic, Syngman Rhee; the Parliament or Assembly of Seoul, which has practically repudiated the Rhee administration; General Walker, commander of the Eighth Army; General Edward M. Almond, American Tenth Corps commander; and, finally, the United Nations Commission itself. It is not a hopeful beginning.

Meanwhile, Europe is showing mounting concern over the gravest problem of all—how to prevent the Korean war from expanding into a war with China. This time the warnings have not been limited to radicals but have also come from distinctly moderate spokesmen. The resolution submitted by twenty-two left-wing British Laborites demanding that the government instruct its representatives at Lake Success "to seek immediate agreement on the line beyond which the United Nations forces in Korea will not advance, with a view to bringing the fighting to an end as quickly as possible," had echoes inside the government as well. The tone suddenly assumed by the conservative European press was even more anxious. Joining the London *Times* and the Paris *Monde*, whose disagreement with the policy followed in Asia has become more marked from week to week, *Le Figaro* of Paris, through its very pro-American foreign editor, Roger Massip, placed upon General MacArthur a large part of the responsibility for "the mistakes committed by Washington" in Korea—extraordinary language from the leading organ of conservative French opinion.

All this naturally had its effect at Lake Success last week, strengthening the conviction among many delegates that no matter how difficult, in the present circumstances, the diplomatic operation of seating Communist China may appear, it must be attempted as an inescapable prerequisite to any peaceful settlement in Korea. In fact, Peking's admission to the U. N. remains an issue in comparison with which all other pending items on the agenda are of minor importance.

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Truman's Troubles Begin

BY WILLARD SHELTON

Washington, November 16

A HIGH Administration official today estimated that the chances were about three to two against enactment of an excess-profits tax in the short session of Congress beginning November 27. Whatever the merits of such a tax—and they are fiercely debated—the odds against its passage are one of many signs that President Truman's program must expect rough sledding as a result of the elections. Today Mr. Truman told his first post-election news conference that inability to assemble the necessary figures on supplemental defense appropriations had made him drop the plan for a longer lame-duck session, but probably the election returns played as large a part in the decision. With the weakening of the Democratic majority in both houses and the triumphant reelection of Senator Taft, it would have been futile for the President to seek the swift enactment of controversial domestic measures. Taft's own idea of what the lame-duck session should do, he told a press conference this week, is "adjourn."

The President seems confident, however, that he can get affirmative action on a new defense-appropriation bill running between ten and twenty billion dollars and on some kind of revenue bill raising taxes on corporations. In addition Mr. Truman hopes for authorization of financial assistance to Yugoslavia; and he would dearly love a three months' extension of federal rent control, which otherwise will expire December 31. He will also ask the lame ducks to approve statehood for Hawaii and Alaska.

If the three-week session does all this, the President can consider himself lucky. Nobody knows yet how the Republicans will feel about economic aid to Tito, whose regime is anti-Russian but undoubtedly Communist. The election returns showed up luridly in the E. C. A. announcement that "loan aid for Spain" will get under way "immediately" through the Export-Import Bank. The President said today that his attitude toward loans to Spain was unchanged, but nevertheless Spain will apparently be granted funds without the usual E. C. A. restrictions; there will be no stipulation regarding the convertibility of American earnings in Spain into dollars and none of the familiar E. C. A. "watchdog" procedures. Mr. Truman obviously feels it politically impossible to ask Congress for aid to Communist Tito and at the same time to defy powerful Congressional blocs which insist on money for Spain.

This kind of compromise is likely to be forced upon the President increasingly in the future. He will continue to ask the legislators to enact his Fair Deal program—the Ewing health plan, the Brannan plan, repeal of the Taft-Hartley act, and civil-rights legislation—both because he believes in the program and because he must continue to present an affirmative domestic policy in preparation for the 1952 Presidential election. But the tone of his voice may be milder. No one in Washington is deluding himself that the Eighty-second Congress will pass bills rejected by the Eighty-first.

The hard fact is that the Fair Deal Administration is going through the same kind of internal change signalized in the Roosevelt Administration when F. D. R. announced he was changing his title from "Dr. New Deal" to "Dr. Win-the-War." Mr. Truman is concentrating on foreign policy and on building up our military strength; he wants from Congress most of all, both in the lame-duck session and next year, military appropriations, appropriations for foreign aid, and taxes to cover the costs. This would have been true even had the Democrats achieved a "landslide" election victory. They did keep nominal control of Congress, but with Senator Taft demanding "reexamination" of all our foreign commitments, including those previously approved over his opposition, the President will compromise whenever he feels that a little "flexibility" on what his defense-minded advisers call "minor matters" will ease the way for military appropriations and tax bills.

On one matter, fortunately, Mr. Truman seems determined to show no "flexibility" whatever. He is not going to fire Dean Acheson as Secretary of State. No matter what further attacks are made by Joe McCarthy and Senator Knowland's group of "Formosa first" Republicans, Acheson—it appears at present—will not be sacrificed to political expediency. For in the belief of highly responsible and reliable White House advisers, it would not really be "expedient" to dismiss Acheson. On the contrary, according to these sources, his dismissal would be interpreted as an admission that McCarthy's attacks had elements of truth and that the State Department's policies were wrong.

A further reason for keeping Mr. Acheson in office is found in the President's recognition of his tremendous assets—his intellectual capacity and personal integrity. The Secretary of State has been the victim of foul assaults by the China lobby and by the Senators the China lobby uses as stooges. His refusal to "turn his back" on Alger Hiss was made a political slogan. Mr. Truman has been the victim of foul assaults in the course of his own political career—for example, the false 1944 campaign charge that he had belonged to the Ku Klux Klan—and he knows how to value the courage and loyalty that made Acheson defy the reporters who baited him about Hiss. The Secretary of State, occupied with the dangerous and delicate business of making our policy stick in Korea and avoiding war with Communist China, can count on the President's confidence.

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G. B. S.

BY H. N. BRAILSFORD

IT IS hard to believe that Bernard Shaw is dead. Through more than sixty years two generations looked up to him as the most vital mind among us. He preached to us and made fun of us; he entertained us and taught us, by turns our conscience and our clown. Rarely has a writer so perfectly incarnated his time. Voltaire, whom Shaw resembled in his wit and pugnacity, his common sense and uncommon humanity, was the other dramatist who summed up an era. Shaw, striding through our half-century and its predecessor, with his erect figure and athletic step, beat his fragile predecessor by a decade in longevity but fell behind him in the volume of his creative output. By his genius the Frenchman bridged the chasm between the sunset of *le roi soleil* and the eve of the Revolution. Shaw's mental journey was longer and even more adventurous. Carlyle was perorating while he learned to speak; Darwin shattered the arrogance of our species while he was attending a Methodist school; Marx's "Kapital" and Ibsen's early plays exploded across his path before he was thirty; and then came Frazer and Freud. Lenin's incredible revolution, its fascist sequels, and the splitting of the atom rounded off his experience of history. Meanwhile, in the world of music, the splendors and affirmations of his favorite Wagner gave way to the subtleties and experiments of Schönberg and Hindemith.

Into this dizzy development, social and scientific, Shaw rushed with the militant ardor of youth, and endured the headlong pace without losing his curiosity and zest. As a nonagenarian he could still wield his dialectical shillelagh. Through three score years no one could ignore him. He knew how to extort assent from alien temperaments which he had first to shock into listening. He owed his success, even when he repelled us by perverse exaggerations, first to his sincerity and then to his craftsmanship and his poetical surprises. There never was a writer of Shaw's rank less inclined to toy with art for art's sake. He wrote to persuade us or else to amuse us. He piled all the odds against himself by his stubborn persistence in producing plays of ideas. And yet by his consummate craftsmanship and inexhaustible gift of fun he compelled two hemispheres to enjoy dramas that preached a moral well in advance of the times.

Of the other gift that served Shaw so well, he may have been barely aware. He posed, in spite of his delight in Wagner, as a man who shunned romance and scorned the romantics. He was always the rationalist who worked in the daylight with his analytic conscious mind. From the illusions that spring from sex he seemed to be immune, and—rather too often—in a vein of comedy he would draw for us the dominant huntress-woman. Then, when we were off our guard, this unromantic Fabian would suddenly lapse into poetry. He did it for the first time in the beautiful last act of "Candida"; he did it again when he drew Jennifer Dubedat in "The Doctor's Dilemma"; he did it above all in "Saint Joan" and in some pages of "Back to Methuselah."

Shaw's readers, after encountering that shy poet on one of his rare appearances, were apt to ask whether he really was as unemotional as he pretended to be. Was he all glittering intellect, a superb brain that dazzles us with its logic, stuns us with its paradoxes, and vanquishes us with its ruthless criticism? That may be the truth about "G. B. S."—the nearly impenetrable mask under which this most reticent of men succeeded in concealing himself. Of G. B. S., he said himself that he is "one of the most successful of my fictions." He was always as shy of confessing or expressing emotion as if he had been brought up "a Stoic" at an old-fashioned English public school. In his "Sixteen Self Sketches" he went so far as to say that his hatred of poverty was purely aesthetic. It dated from what he saw of the squalid Dublin slums, when he strayed into them as a boy in the company of his nurse. This is, for me, incredible. An aesthete who is disgusted by the ugliness of poverty has an easy remedy at his disposal: he can turn his back on it and forget it. Shaw did something else. He fought with all his courage and all his intellect to end poverty. Did he do this because his nose disliked the smell of rags? He did it from compassion, because he hated cruelty and injustice and loved all that has life and can suffer pain. Beneath the glittering intellect there burned an emotion so intense that it would have destroyed him had he not learned to find expression for it in irony and argument.

From those biographical sketches a good deal can be divined about Shaw's development. The decisive experience was the wrench he felt when he first realized as a small boy that his father was a habitual drunkard. That ruined his belief in the perfect and omniscient father-image for ever. It is not surprising that this boy became the rebel and skeptic who challenged all authority, defied the pseudo-science of the classical economists, laughed the whole medical profession to scorn, and dared to question the accepted estimate of Shakespeare as a dramatist. Happily for him, his family, though

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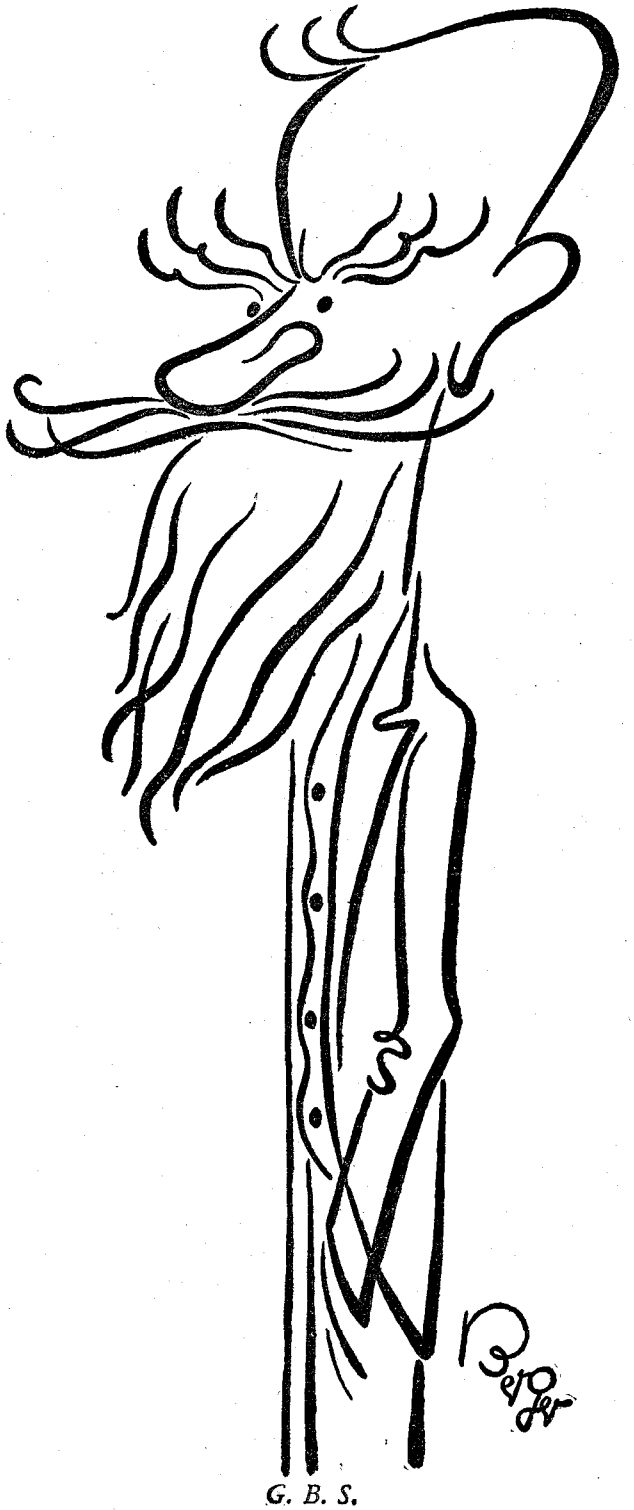
they ranked in Dublin society as nominal Protestants, were addicted to "derisive free-thinking." And so he became that rarest of all beings in mid-Victorian Britain, a happy rebel, who felt no sense of guilt and cherished no wistful regrets for the beliefs he rejected, as the Mark Rutherfords and Matthew Arnolds did. Shaw has told us enough of his drunken father and his bawdy uncle to explain why he became by reaction the ascetic puritan who would touch neither wine nor tobacco and felt little interest in the physical aspects of sex. We can understand from this record why he had to pose as a paragon of vanity. To begin with, he was what he called a "down-start," a poor relation of the rich and respectable Shaws. His schooling ended at the age of fifteen. His early life in London was a period of humiliating failure. In nine years of hard work he managed to earn with his pen exactly six pounds. And so, to convince himself that he was not an incompetent ignoramus, he adopted the style of a braggart Cyrano. The pose became part of the G. B. S. legend; he had to keep it up, for it amused his readers more often than it irritated them.

ONLY a confident prophet could predict what posterity will cherish in Shaw's big output of pamphlets and plays, and what it will hand over to the historian as material for the study of our age. In much of what he wrote he was serving his day and generation with a definite end in view. The comedies will never go stale; but what will our grandchildren think of his plays with a social moral? By the end of this century will "Widowers' Houses" and "Mrs. Warren's Profession" seem as incredible and out of date as "The Cherry Orchard" seems to the Russians of today? But the Shaw who will fascinate posterity was concerned with something more fundamental. In "Man and Superman," above all in the entrancing dialogue in hell, and again in "Back to Methuselah," he stated his ultimate philosophy. He has described for us how he reacted against Darwin's successors and interpreters. He has acknowledged his debt, first to Lamarck and then to Samuel Butler for his doctrine of creative evolution. Bergson contributed something to his mythology of the Life Force, which proceeds by trial and error in its age-long drive to attain self-understanding. But my guess is that the starting point of this train of thought lay in Shelley.

Shaw has told us that he read the whole of Shelley, verse and prose, at the end of his teens, and that it was Shelley who made him a Socialist and a vegetarian. I hear echoes of Shelley and his teacher Godwin in some of the most moving pages of Shaw—in his horror at the cruelty of imprisonment and above all in his belief in the fundamental equality of all living things. Shaw's insistence that "equality is essential to good breeding," that we must evolve a democracy of supermen, was not a typical Fabian attitude; it was his own faith, and Shelley's. The idea on which all the inspiring mythology of his Methuselah legend is based—that we can create ourselves by willing—this also was one of Shelley's beliefs which he drew from Godwin's doctrine of perfectibility. Even Shaw's Ancients, who had got rid of "the infirmity of sleep," to use a phrase from "Political Justice," were anticipated in that enthusiastic vision. Shaw's glory is that, after the neo-Darwinians, he brought back mind to the universe, and with it, to use his own words, "justice, mercy and humility." With all his daring and originality he belongs to the catholic church of the humanist tradition.



G. B. S.

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Labor Criticizes the E. C. A.

BY SID LENS

AMERICAN LABOR is solidly behind the idea of aid to Europe but is nevertheless becoming increasingly critical of the way Marshall Plan funds are being used. American unionists who are on the E. C. A. staff or have made private tours on the Continent have a hard time explaining Marshall Plan policy. A few months ago a leading unionist said to a high E. C. A. official in Paris: "Why don't you do something for the workers of Europe? You talk about not interfering in the internal affairs of the various countries, but you do interfere. Why don't you interfere to get a better break for working people?"

Throughout Western Europe production is higher today than it was before the war, largely owing to American aid. But except in Britain, Scandinavia, and Switzerland the living standards of the working class are much lower. In France, for instance, real wages are only 65 per cent as high as they were in 1938, though the work week is longer. Family allowances for men with children raise them only to 89 per cent of the pre-war figure. Probably the plight of the French worker, and of the German and Italian worker too, can be best summed up by saying that food takes about 80 per cent of his pay.

Housing in France is lamentable. The average urban house in France is more than seventy years old. To meet its most urgent needs the country would have to build a quarter of a million new housing units a year for forty years. It would take half that number merely to keep up with deterioration. Yet only 60,000 units were built last year. Italy is in the same situation. In Germany, where war devastation was far greater, some building does go on, but there were unemployed skilled building-trades workers this spring. The European worker sees the prosperity of the national economy, wonders why so little of it seeps down to him, and so becomes the easy prey of Communist propaganda. As one American unionist in France put it, "By failing to protect the interests of the working people we make the Communists' propaganda sound true."

Harold Gibbons, an official of the A. F. of L. Teamsters' Union in St. Louis, went to France recently as one of an E. C. A. labor team to investigate conditions. He was surprised to find that employers were not publicizing the Marshall Plan. In one large factory where new machinery was being installed he asked the manager why he did not tell the workers that it was obtained through the Marshall Plan. The reply was: "If I tell them that the Marshall Plan is responsible for this new machinery I must also tell them that it is responsible for the lay-offs that go with its installation." Marshall Plan administrators have failed to ask for guaranties from European employers to alleviate such hardships. Gibbons was also struck by the fact that a factory near Paris which had improved productivity 500 per cent by the use of new Marshall Plan equipment paid no higher wages than a neighboring concern which had made few or no changes. The workers in the modernized factory had gained nothing from the increased production. Some had probably lost their jobs.

The Communists are quick to seize on such things. I had a talk with a leader of the Communist-controlled metal workers. Behind his desk in the union's Paris headquarters was a big poster proclaiming that in May, 1948, there was a backlog of 14,000,000 hours of incompleted work; in May, 1949, one of 7,000,000 hours; and in December, 1949, none. "That is American aid," it said, "leading us to poverty and unemployment." The unionist corroborated the charge with more figures: "In 1947 92,000 people were working in the aircraft and tractor industry. We fully expected that the industry would expand, but now it employs only 30,000." Another poster in the room said: "We don't want to be their [the Americans'] soldiers. We don't want to be their unemployed." It also objected to the shipment of 10,000 tractors from England, and exhorted Frenchmen to "help us save one of our finest industries." With the French Communists basing their propaganda on legitimate grievances, it seems strange that E. C. A. officials have not tried to have those grievances remedied.

But what worries American unionists in Europe is that it is not only the Communists who blame the United States for their deteriorating living standards. A few weeks after the strike wave in France this year—I cite France as typical of the Continent—I spoke to a group of Catholic unionists at the large Renault factory outside Paris. The majority of the workers, as in most French plants, belonged to the Communist-controlled General Confederation of Labor; of the 144 elected members of the Shop Committee, 107 were in the C. G. T. The minority, largely Catholic unionists, although firmly anti-Communist, were not on that account pro-American. "From 1944 to 1947," said their spokesman, "we realized that we had to work hard to put the country back on its feet. When the Marshall Plan was introduced, we were enthusiastic because we thought that with re-

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covery our wages would go up. Now the plant has got new machines and the country is back on its feet, but we're living on half of what we had before the war."

The group was very bitter about the failure of their recent strike for a monthly increase of 3,000 francs ($8.64). In their minds American capitalists had helped the French management break the strike. The French government, they reasoned, owns about one-third of all basic industry—coal, railroads, automobile factories, and the like. Through Marshall Plan aid the United States can exert pressure on the French government. "If America really wanted us to have a raise it could have forced the government and the *patronat* to yield." To a European worker America is synonymous with capitalism, and when he feels hostile to his capitalist employers he extends this hostility to America.

Labor people in the E. C. A. are much concerned over this feeling. An anonymous article in the *A. D. A. World* last December, undoubtedly written by somebody in the E. C. A. labor section, charged that labor was only a "junior partner" in the Marshall Plan and that its advice went unheeded. The writer condemned the E. C. A. for obtaining no concessions for the non-Communist workers organized in Force Ouvrière and the Catholic unions. The article was widely applauded by the labor advisers to the E. C. A. in Paris and other cities.

John Livingston, vice-president of the C. I. O. automobile workers and head of a union committee which recently toured Europe, found the working classes in France, Italy, and West Germany worse off than before the war. He has declared: "Unless something is done to improve living conditions . . . all the aid so far given to rebuild European industries may fall into the hands of a dictator who is showing more plainly every day his lust for power and his hatred of the United States."

THE other members of the team with whom Gibbons spent five weeks in France were William Belanger, vice-president of the C. I. O. Textile Workers, and Carmen Lucia, vice-president of the A. F. of L. Hatters. The statement they issued was a stinging criticism of the operation of the Marshall Plan in France. Few if any of the benefits of the plan, they said, have filtered down to the workers. Except for two years, from 1936 to 1938, there has been no collective bargaining in France. French industry, dominated by an employers' association more centralized and powerful than our own National Association of Manufacturers, refuses to sign contracts covering wage agreements. Wages were set by government fiat all through the war and until February of this year, when a new "Collective Agreements" act was passed. Employers are guilty, according to the investigators, of maintaining high prices through far-reaching cartel arrangements and of wholesale avoidance of taxes through a system of double bookkeeping. There is no unemployment compensation in France and consequently no protection for workers laid off as a result of new labor-saving machinery. Nor is there any protection for those who are downgraded to less skilled jobs.

Any losses suffered by the Communist Party, the report of the visiting American unionists declares, are the result of its own mistakes rather than of the E. C. A., Everything possible should be done, it insists, to force the French government to introduce social reforms. "Everything possible" is a pretty general phrase, and many American labor men who have been in Europe this year are strongly disposed to recommend complete withdrawal of Marshall Plan money to the French unless the workingman gets a better break. Similar sentiments are expressed concerning Italy and Germany.

Most of the unionists working for the E. C. A. administration in Europe have been conscientious and idealistic, but a few seem to have had their heads turned by their pay and position. This minority has been able to checkmate any attempt to bring the true situation of the European worker plainly before the American public. The invitation to the Gibbons-Belanger-Lucia team to study the situation was the result of the determination of some of the more dynamic labor men to bare the facts. Whether labor's criticism will have any effect is debatable. The Gibbons report was received stonily in some E. C. A. circles, and a press conference arranged for its authors was limited to the labor press. A French Cabinet Minister is said to have asked Ambassador Bruce to have it suppressed.

At least 100,000 Communist Party members are working in French factories; in Italy the number is even greater in proportion to the total. About six out of every ten organized workers are enrolled in the Communist-controlled C. G. T. One out of every three French voters is a Communist. The Communist Party has lost much membership since the last elections, but so have all parties. Nothing indicates that the Communists have lost more ground than the others. With this kind of strength the Communists will have at least two out of every five members of a drafted army on their side, and even if they lose much of their present factory support they will be able to sabotage the manufacture and shipment of war materials.

In West Germany the Communist Party is at low ebb, primarily because of the Russian oppression in East Germany, the apprehension about the missing prisoners of war, and the abysmally low standard of living of the East Germans. But this should not be taken as a sign that all is well in West Germany. The rebirth of nationalism there in the last two years represents as great a danger to democracy as does communism. It represents a danger also to American foreign policy, because a large sector of the nationalists, who are estimated by competent observers to form approximately

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one-fifth of the electorate, favors neutrality as between America and Russia and some groups openly advocate a "deal" with Russia.

In discussing the results of the Marshall Plan the American press emphasizes the increase in production and blows up every tiny defection from the Communists out of all proportion. American unionists on the scene are concerned with the still solid hold of the Communist parties on many millions of European workers: the simple fact is that while Marshall Plan aid has helped put Europe on its feet economically and has perhaps delayed a Communist seizure of power, it has done little to destroy the Communist *potential*. American labor is slowly coming to realize that the military defense of Europe is impossible without a political victory over the Communist movement and that before such a victory can be won the E. C. A. must apply itself to bettering the living standards of the European masses.

Population and Poverty

BY PAUL BLANSHARD

Rome

IN A crowded little courtroom here, a courtroom with a crucifix on its walls but no flag, Benito Mussolini and Pius XI went on trial last July for opposing birth control. The official and living defendants in the case were Dr. Alexander Lenard, author, and Salvatore de Carlo, publisher, who were charged with having violated Section 553 of the Italian penal code by writing and publishing a certain book, "The Control of Conception and the Limitation of Children." Mussolini was responsible for the criminal law cited, having added it to the Fascist code when he was offering prizes to Italian mothers who were bearing the largest number of children. Pope Pius XI was responsible for the moral law involved, having promulgated it in 1930 in his encyclical on Christian marriage.

This was the first birth-control case under the present Christian Democratic government, and nobody connected with the De Gasperi regime seemed very happy about it. The government press studiously avoided discussion of it, and the trial was in fact postponed twelve times. To the surprise of almost everybody, author and publisher were acquitted, after the defense attorneys had argued that it was beneath the dignity of the Italian nation to punish citizens for acquiring knowledge which was familiar to almost all other peoples. Probably it was this appeal to cultural pride which won over the judges, for educated Italians are sensitive about the charge that the church keeps them in the darkness of the Middle Ages. Now the government has appealed the acquittal, as it is permitted to do under Italian law.

In a sense the church won a partial victory, because the court in effect ruled that it is still unlawful in Italy to *advocate* contraception. One may *describe* contraception in a dignified manner, particularly in a historical treatment of the subject, and the court ruled that the description in the Lenard book was permissible; but at the same time it convicted and fined an employee of the publishing house because on his own authority he had written a sentence for the book jacket *advocating* contraception. The book itself was suppressed after it had sold 8,000 copies in six weeks.

The Vatican has consistently supported the Fascist law on birth control, and it inspired the prosecution of Lenard and de Carlo. The church has been opposing sex education in Italy with the same unrealistic slogans it uses in the United States, but with much more success, for here it is backed by the enormous political power of Catholic Action. The complainant in the Lenard case was one Carlo Costantini, who acts as the Vatican's Anthony Comstock in Italy and boasts of the fact that his League for Good Morals now has fifty members.

Italy's anti-birth-control statute is one of the broadest in the world, in fact, it could easily be construed to cover the booksellers who at this moment are selling large quantities of Catholic pamphlets on the rhythm method to eager customers just outside St. Peter's. The law condemns not only all contraceptive devices but also all propaganda or practice "against procreation." Its language, however, has been interpreted to mean that it applies only to birth control by contraception. "The crime," says the official interpretation, "is committed by inducing the public to use contraceptive methods or by promoting a current of opinion in their favor." The public prosecutor in the Lenard case frankly declared that under this statute the popularity of a book would have something to do with its illegality; the author's success in reaching the masses might determine whether or not he was a criminal.

The book involved in this case did not argue in favor of any particular method of birth control. It was a purely historical survey by a Hungarian-born physician living in Rome. When the president of the Italian

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PAUL BLANSHARD, author of "American Freedom and Catholic Power," has spent most of the past year in Rome as The Nation's *special correspondent. Two weeks ago he wrote on the religious discrimination against Protestants in Italy. Other articles on the Vatican's activities will appear in coming issues.*

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Society of Authors, Mario Vinciguerra, who served six years in a Fascist prison, testified for the author at the preliminary trial, he expressed the opinion that, if anything, the book was too mild.

On one point, however, Dr. Lenard was not mild. He dared to suggest by inference that the Catholic priesthood was ignorant in matters of sex, and this was probably the main reason he was prosecuted. Going back to the literature of the eighteenth century, he quoted from a work called "Holy Embryology," by the Grand Inquisitor of Sicily, which was used for many years as a sex textbook for Italian priests. He exposed the superstitions about childbirth which have cursed the Italian peasantry for generations, including the belief that man could not possibly come from spermatozoa because such tiny embodiments of life could not appreciate the sweetness of an apple or yield to the blandishments of a serpent. From a 1943 book in Latin on the right of the human foetus to survive, he showed that popes had differed concerning the date of the animation of the foetus, and that Gregory IX had actually held that abortion in the early stages of pregnancy was permissible.

ITALY is in desperate need of birth-control information, and the two forces which keep this information from the people are the Vatican and illiteracy. The population is growing at the rate of 450,000 a year, with the greatest increase taking place in the poverty-stricken south, which cannot possibly support its present population without outside help. In spite of E. C. A. the country still has 1,800,000 unemployed, and 2,000,000 peasants are said to be without land. In effect the government is asking the United States to take care of Italy's surplus children. When Governor Dewey was here, the problem was discussed privately on the highest levels, and De Gasperi admitted great concern, but he pleaded helplessness in the face of Vatican power. American E. C. A. officials have hesitated to try to impose a policy upon the government because of their short stay here and because of the fear of Catholic protests in the United States. Perhaps some of them remembered that reports of government experts on the need of birth control in Japan were promptly pigeonholed in Washington when the Catholic lobby counter-attacked.

The one American who has spoken out fearlessly on the issue is Dr. T. V. Smith, formerly Director of Education for Allied Control in Italy. He had the courage to say in "School and Society" that Italy should take "quality of life rather than quantity as its population criterion," and "substitute for her standing immoralism of unlimited population the morality of producing only as many children as she can educate well, employ sufficiently, and maintain at a fair standard of living."

A favorite illusion here is that overpopulation can somehow be relieved by emigration. Actually the United States is the only country to which the average Italian would gladly go, and our bars against increased immigration from Southern Europe are high. Reports from recent settlements of Italians in South America are not reassuring, and a number of such emigrants have actually returned to the home country.

Tremendous publicity has been given to a suggestion that the barren island of Sardinia, with a present population of a little more than 1,000,000, might absorb another 1,000,000 at the rate of 200,000 a year for five years. The Rockefeller Foundation has explored the possibilities and expressed some hope. But even if this dream can be realized, Sardinia cannot solve Italy's problem. Modern medicine, since the turn of the century, has cut the death rate 47 per cent, and the population has now reached the point where birth control is the only answer.

Though Italian Christian Democrats and American officials are muzzled, one might expect the Communist-Socialist opposition, with substantial power in the Chamber of Deputies, to speak up for birth control as a vital social measure. But no—Moscow will have none of it. Ordinarily delighted to embarrass the Vatican by any political or cultural maneuver, Communists have been told to shun birth control and concentrate on the drive for a Moscow-tinted peace. Only one small splinter in the Chamber of Deputies, led by the brilliant editor Piero Calamandrei, faces the question squarely, but this group is too small to challenge the existing law successfully.

The Vatican is being increasingly disquieted by the defiant attitude of its own young married people. Italian couples of the educated classes are clamoring for more birth-control material—and often getting it. Drugstores in northern cities are offering modern, although somewhat inferior, birth-control devices. And the newspapers occasionally carry advertisements of such goods.

But for most Catholics who cannot make the rhythm method work, there are only large families—and abortion. The abortion mills in Rome are running full blast. Prices range from $12 for abortion by a midwife to $53 by a licensed physician, and the fee does not include anaesthetics. The abortionists are almost never caught, first because penicillin is saving an increasing number of the victims of their carelessness, and secondly because the Italian law does not punish *attempted* abortion. Any clever abortionist can pretend he discovered that the lady was mistaken.

Meanwhile, there is one hopeful sign. Among the intellectuals and social workers of Rome, Florence, and Naples there is a great awakening of interest in the American birth-control movement and a growing conviction that the problems of the south cannot be solved until the idea of family limitation has been propagated among the masses. Informal meetings on birth control have recently been held in all three cities, and the launch-

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ing of an indigenous birth-control movement is not inconceivable.

Aside from the increasing sale of pamphlets on the approved—inferior—rhythm method, I have seen no sign that the Vatican's opposition is weakening. When the distinguished liberal magazine, *Il Ponte,* printed a brief article of mine on Birth Control and the Catholic Church, the Vatican's official newspaper, *Osservatore Romano,* excoriated me on its front page as one whose moral outlook was similar to Hitler's. A few days later the world's leading Jesuit magazine, *La Civiltà Cattolica,* joined the fray, saying: "Our allies beyond the Atlantic . . . give us suggestions we have not asked for on how to root out unemployment and hunger. . . . Incompetent sociologists and imbecile economists, devoid of moral sense, rehash the laments of the ill-famed Scotch minister, Malthus, who under the darkened skies of his country thought he had discovered the main source of the indigence and misery of the people." Father Brucculeri, who penned this argument, imagined that the globe might support nine billion people without too much strain and concluded that "humanity may still breathe calmly and follow the Biblical precept to multiply and replenish the earth."

Legalized Gambling Doesn't Pay

BY CAREY McWILLIAMS

Las Vegas, November 8

ADVOCATES of legalized gambling as socially "sound" often cite Nevada as the laboratory which proves their thesis. The Nevada experience does prove one or two things—after all, gambling has been legal there for nineteen years—but it does not prove the "soundness" of legalized gambling. What it proves principally is that Nevada is an exceptional state.

With the sixth largest area (109,000 square miles), Nevada has the smallest population of the forty-eight states. At present its 150,000 people are largely concentrated in Reno, Las Vegas, and Carson City. These cities are so small that law-enforcement officials know what everyone is up to, who arrived in town last week, and what went on last night in the casinos. In a state that is mostly desert it is fairly easy to screen out the crooks. Despite the great distances it is easier to find a man in Nevada than in a New York city block. In such a setting, legalized gambling is carried on in a show window with the entire community lined up as spectators.

Gambling in Nevada is a public resource, improvised as a substitute for farming, trade, and industry; it is a central, not a marginal, economic institution. This fact rather than legalization *per se* gives to gambling in Nevada a social sanction that would be lacking elsewhere. As a socially approved vocation, gambling attracts more respectable types than elsewhere, and as a civic concern it arouses in everyone a certain sense of responsibility.

Gambling in Nevada may be run by Nevadans, but it is largely financed by Californians. In addition to serving as California's Monte Carlo, Nevada is an important gateway to the West Coast, and the casinos profit from the large stop-over patronage. A count of the attendance at any hour of any day would demonstrate that most of the patrons are non-residents. Gambling is a costly and non-productive enterprise which could show long-term net returns for the state only if the profits represented predominantly out-of-state losses. Moreover, with nothing much except gambling to hold people in Nevada, people made destitute by their losses obligingly move on or are easily shoved along. Thus the state manages to escape the worst consequences of legalized gambling, although it does have the highest suicide rate in the country—26.8 per 100,000, or about twice the national average.

As a tax panacea legalized gambling is indisputedly a mirage, even in Nevada. In the first place, it creates very high police costs: surveillance is a twenty-four-hour problem, extraditions are numerous, and the police must function, in effect, as employees of the casinos. Reno pays $370,000 a year to maintain eighty-five men on the police force; the city's annual revenue from gambling is about $400,000. The per capita cost of the police department in Reno is $11.50 as against $5.47 for other cities of comparable size. The state levies a 2 per cent tax on the gross receipts from all types of gambling, but income from this source amounted to only 12.47 per cent of the state's total income in 1948-49. Counties obtained about 8.4 per cent of their revenue from taxes and license fees on gambling; municipalities about 22.4 per cent. Last year it was estimated that the gross winnings of the gambling interests were $41,000,000 and that the gross revenue of government agencies was $2,850,000. Net profits of the gambling concerns were estimated at only $5,000,000, a large portion of which must leave the state. It seems fairly clear therefore that gambling as such is economically less important than the tourist trade which it attracts.

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To appraise gambling as a pump-primer for Nevada's economy, moreover, one would have to examine the accuracy of the statement that the Nevadans themselves do little gambling. In Reno and Las Vegas slot machines are found in grocery stories, service stations, and drugstores far removed from the tourist centers, and these machines take in a lot of money. Obviously many residents gamble more or less habitually, with a consequent steady drain on local income and purchasing power. It is debatable, therefore, whether gambling has actually been an economic asset even in Nevada, where alternative activities are not too numerous. But the chief question is: Can a community which relies on legalized gambling hope to develop alternate enterprises? Apparently once gambling has become firmly established, a community finds it hard to change to other activities; gambling seems, indeed, to be as much a social as an individual "vice." The gambling interests make important contributions to local churches, charities, and civic organizations. One gambling concern in Reno contributes 21 per cent of the community chest. Another provides a scholarship to the state university. Scarcely an element in the community is uninvolved. Local officials privately voice objections to the system but are not willing to be quoted publicly.

In addition to the support gained by this general community subsidy or bribe, legalized gambling has a large bloc of citizens on its pay roll. Dealers are paid from $20 to $25 a day; pit bosses receive $35 a night; floor managers often make $50 a night; and bartenders average $12.50 to $13.50 for an eight-hour shift. Such salaries give these employees a sizable advantage over other working people. As a result the community is incapable of organized effort looking toward the establishment of other forms of enterprise and business. Only if the ratio of gambling to non-gambling employees is kept at a manageable figure is it possible to minimize the tensions inherent in such a situation.

Before too many American communities "follow Nevada's lead," as they have been urged to do, they had better take a long second look to determine just what the Nevada experience really means.

Southeast Asia's Chinese Puzzle

BY JEAN LYON

Singapore

IN ALL the countries of Southeast Asia the Chinese are considered a "Problem," spelled with a capital P. The Problem becomes greater as one goes east, until at Singapore it is spelled not with one capital letter but with seven. In its present form—it has existed in other forms ever since the Chinese began to migrate southward—the Problem is created by two paradoxical attributes of the Chinese in this region: their money and their communism. The mixture has the flavor of a dish of sweet and sour spare ribs. The big question is whether the wealth of the Chinese will swing them to the right, or whether they will swing their wealth to the left. Much Chinese money is already being passed under the counter to local Communist parties. Some Chinese, however, uphold the most conservative regimes, and this pleases the nationalistic Southeast Asian no better than does Chinese support of communism.

The Chinese who have migrated to Southeast Asia are largely merchants. In many places they have acquired a monopoly of small business, and have become the backbone of the middle class; in Thailand and Malaya they form practically the whole middle class. At the same time they have remained staunch Chinese, keeping up their personal ties with the homeland. Sometimes their loyalty is dual, like their citizenship, but they seldom entirely deny their Chinese origin.

Traveling on a slow-moving freighter, I recently visited ports in four countries of Southeast Asia. Even to one prepared to find a Chinese behind every salable bag of rice and every well-stocked notion counter, the number of Chinese in these cities was almost staggering. (In the Philippines and Indonesia the Chinese form about 2 per cent of the population and are largely concentrated in the cities. In Siam they form nearly 20 per cent, and in Malaya, including both the Federation and the Crown Colony of Singapore, nearly 45 per cent. The population of Singapore itself is 80 per cent Chinese.) A Chinese friend recently arrived in Singapore told me that the city seemed to her like Shanghai, and when someone asked her if she had been to Chinatown, she laughed and said, "It's all Chinatown."

Chinese shop signs lined the main streets of each port. The younger people in the shops were able, I found, to speak Mandarin, a sure sign that they had been schooled not only in the national language of China but in its traditions. They may have started with a Kuomintang education, but it had probably become Communist in recent months. Each city had its Chinese newspapers, ranging from a sheet which published little but the official news handed out by Peking's New China News Agency to one filled with Kuomintang announcements

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JEAN LYON, a free-lance newspaperwoman formerly in China, will send The Nation *on-the-spot reports from India in coming months.*

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from Formosa, usually the least read of the lot. The papers in between are now right, now left, as hard to pin down as the communities they serve.

In this category are the papers of the famous Tiger Balm king, Aw Boon How, who made millions selling tiny tins of cure-all salve. Aw Boon How gets rid of some of his Tiger Balm profits by publishing newspapers. He is now financing two in the English language —the Hongkong *Standard* and the Singapore *Standard*— and a number of Chinese-language papers, all carrying in their name the word *hsing*, which means star.

A lavish supporter of the Nationalist government of China during World War II, Aw Boon How might hardly have been expected to look twice at the new Communist-led People's Government in Peking. But he did. Readers of his papers in Bangkok and Jakarta as well as here in Singapore say that he gave his editors free rein during 1949 and let them flirt with Peking as much as they liked. This spring he changed his tune. The story is that his business in Canton was closed by the new government, and that he stormed into Hongkong and fired his editors indiscriminately. Not all his papers were immediately affected, but most of them are expected sooner or later to follow a non-Communist if not an anti-Communist line.

FEW of the overseas Chinese seem firmly on one side or the other. In the Philippines opinion is divided about where they stand. Anti-Huk Filipinos and army intelligence officers accuse the Chinese in the Islands of supplying some 2,000 spies to the insurgents and of having a secret Communist Party membership of over 7,000. The pro-Formosa and pro-American Chinese, who superficially seem to predominate, claim that their fellow-Chinese in the Huk areas are falsely accused. "If the Huks hold up a Chinese shop at the point of a gun, the shopkeeper is immediately reported by the Filipinos as a spy," one Chinese told me,

Indonesia has recognized the Chinese Communist government, and an ambassador from Peking has already presented his credentials; so the situation there is quite different. The new Chinese ambassador, I was told by Indonesians, appeals to his people in Indonesia to support Peking on the ground of nationalism rather than of communism. Indonesian nationalists who are working for social change by peaceful means are concerned over the possibility that Chinese wealth in Indonesia may be used to finance the Indonesian Communists in the name of Chinese nationalism.

Thailand, still bidding for the position of the Switzerland of the East, goes on creating the impression that it has no internal Communist problem at all. But probably the majority of its large Chinese population read the Bangkok Chinese papers, which with the exception of one Kuomintang sheet take a rather consistent pro-Peking attitude. If pressure increases from Indo-China on the east, from Burma on the west, and from China on the north, Thailand may find that playing Switzerland is not so easy. The large Chinese population will not help Prime Minister Pibul Songgram to keep the country on the side he seems to favor.

In Malaya, where the proportion of Chinese is the largest, the problem is the most serious. The Malayan Communist outlaws who took to the jungle two years ago last June and have kept up constant guerrilla warfare ever since are almost all Chinese. For the most part they are Chinese long domiciled in Malaya, who fought as guerrillas against the Japanese and at the end of the war tried first to control the government and then the labor movement. Unable to prevail against British military rule and stringent labor legislation, for two years now they have been carrying on a shooting war with the government of the Federation of Malaya. Fifty thousand British and Malayan troops, besides large numbers of police, have been unable appreciably to reduce the number of guerrilla-incited incidents. In August of this year there were 171 attacks on rubber estates, tin mines, railroad trains, and small troop bodies.

These guerrillas—admittedly Communists, although even British officials say that they are probably not directed or supplied by Peking—are fed and financed largely by Chinese laborers on the more isolated rubber estates and in the tin mines and by "squatter" farmers who eke out a living from vegetable patches on the edge of the jungle. No one knows whether the Communist rebels have won this support by the persuasion of their doctrines, by an appeal to blood ties, or by terror. The British authorities act on the assumption that they use terror. The British policy, therefore, calls for more police protection for remote districts and for a resettlement program which will bring the "squatters" within the sphere of law and order. The resettlement program also includes a long-range plan for social and economic benefits—education, land ownership, and public health.

The Chinese in Malaya are working along another line. They say that the only way to cure the China-born Chinese of their obsession with Chinese national politics is to make them a generous offer of Malayan citizenship. Tan Cheng Lok, founder of the Malayan Chinese Association, has stated: "The best method of detaching the affections of an immigrant population from the country of its origin is to afford adequate facilities for the transfer of such affections to the land of its adoption." The question is complicated by many factors in the structure and history of Malaya, not the least of which is the fear on the part of the Malays themselves of being overwhelmed by the Chinese. Another is the old Chinese rule: once a Chinese always a Chinese, no matter what else you decide to be at the same time. But even so it is possible that Tan Cheng Lok has a point.

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DANGEROUS THOUGHTS

This Property Is Condemned

IN THE Hollywood studios executives refer to an actor as "a property." The term is a rare flash of honesty. For when a film corporation pays a salary, it assumes that it is buying not only talent or a jutting bosom but a complete life. Hollywood peddles actors as well as performances. Publicity men, gossip columnists, and fan magazines work night and day selling the private lives of the stars.

This creates a curious industrial problem. Human beings find it difficult to travel somnambulantly down the assembly line like sheet steel. They are driven by all sorts of human urges. In the hectic years after World War I film stars exploded in a succession of roaring scandals. Churches and women's clubs passed resolutions against sin in Hollywood and threatened boycott. To quiet the clamor, the picture companies set up the Hays office and adopted a bluenose production code.

It was about this time that Hollywood corporation lawyers began to write into contracts an item known as the "morals clause." The morals clause bound the artist to "conduct himself with due regard to public morals and conventions" and stated that the contract might be canceled if "the artist shall at any time commit any act or thing which shall be an offense or moral turpitude under federal, state, or local laws, or which might tend to bring the artist into public disrepute." This clause went not only into the contracts of stars whose public reputation might be considered company property but into those of writers and directors.

During the twenties and thirties little attention was paid to the morals clause. If it was a blackjack in the hands of the producers, it was seldom used. Finally in 1947 the Un-American Activities Committee decided to grab some cheap publicity by investigating communism in Hollywood. This presented the film corporations with a new problem. Some of their "properties" had brains and consciences. Writers and directors, especially, while creating stories about celluloid people had developed a distressing concern with live people. Hollywood figures had supported Republican Spain, the starving Okies, the New Deal. They had organized unions. They had collected money for Hitler's victims. They were Bolsheviks in the eyes of Thomas, Rankin, and Company.

The story of the House committee's investigation has by now made its disgusting way into history. At first the film executives uttered the brave sounds of men—promised to defend freedom of speech, promised they would never discharge a man for his beliefs. Then they were whistled to a bankers' meeting at the Waldorf and crawled out of it to announce their decision to fire the "Hollywood Ten."

There were of course certain legal difficulties. Many of the Ten had contracts. And there is a California law against blacklisting. So the corporation counsels looked around and discovered the morals clause. Had not the Ten talked back to the investigators? Did not this "tend to bring the artist into public disrepute"? Before Congress had voted the Ten in contempt, and while a large section of the nation's press still condemned the Un-American Committee, the film companies invoked the morals clause—and promptly exposed the shabby deceit of their legal maneuver by including among the men fired one (Dalton Trumbo) who had no morals clause in his contract.

So men who had taken a stand in a matter of conscience were declared immoral by men who were liars and deliberate violators of the law. And in the tight little company town of Hollywood ten men were deprived of the right to work. Possible buyers were warned: This Property Is Condemned.

Now the morals clause has appeared in radio. CBS has announced that its staff writers will have to sign a statement duplicating the Hollywood clause and adding that the artist shall not commit any act "which might tend to reflect unfavorably on CBS, the sponsors or advertising agencies thereof."

First the snare is set: the artist who agrees to comply with public conventions in morals finds that he is expected to comply in matters of thought and conscience. Then he is coaxed a step farther, and the trap is sprung. Public morality becomes corporation morality.

It was for their unpopular beliefs that Socrates, John Bunyan, Dostoevsky, and Gorky were imprisoned. It was for supporting minority causes that Victor Hugo was driven into exile, Zola stoned in the streets of Paris. In this country Walt Whitman was dismissed from the Brooklyn *Eagle* for attacking the Fugitive Slave Law in his first poem, "Blood Money." Thoreau, taking his stand with the reviled Abolitionists, warned: "We have used up our inherited freedom. If we would save our lives, we must fight for them."

Among radio's sponsors are United States Steel, Remington Rand, du Pont, Ford. Again and again these corporations have violated the moral standards of humanity. They have been party to the murder of Chilean miners, the starvation of Chinese coolies, the publication of anti-Semitic tracts, the building of Jim Crow communities. Imagine a morals clause for sponsors: "The corporation agrees to conduct itself with due regard to the morals of humanity, and to commit no act or thing which might tend to reflect unfavorably on the artist in the eyes of the world, or injure the traditions of free thought in America." No corporation in America would sign it.

In a blistering resolution the Radio Writers' Guild has declared that it will not consent to the inclusion of the morals clause in contracts. It remains for the Screen Writers' Guild to do the same. And the Authors' League. And every writer in America. Somewhere the writer must take his stand, making it clear that though his pen may be for sale, his conscience is not.

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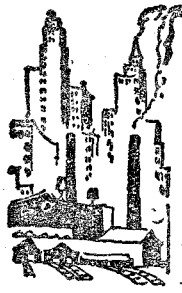

EVERYBODY'S BUSINESS

BY KEITH HUTCHISON

Australia's Growing Pains

FEW countries at the present time exhibit more of the outward marks of prosperity than Australia. Ever since the war ended, Australia, like other primary producers, has enjoyed exceptionally favorable "terms of trade"; that is to say, the prices of its chief exports have risen to a much greater extent than those of its major imports. Thus while the actual volume of its overseas sales is but little higher than in 1938-39, their value, in Australian currency, has increased from £123,000,000 to £620,000,000 in 1949-50. This year still greater returns should be realized, for the Korean war and Western rearmament programs have created an almost insatiable demand for wool, of which Australia is the world's largest producer, and reestablished a sellers' market for other leading exports, such as wheat, meat, dairy products, and metals.

The urban communities, in which well over half the population of the continent live, are also flourishing. Factory employment has risen from 540,000 in 1939 to nearly 900,000, and according to an article in the September issue of *Fortune*, there are actually 200,000 jobs which cannot be filled. This state of "overemployment" reflects in part the prosperity of the primary producers who have money to burn and are eager buyers of both consumer and producer goods. Since high tariffs and an undervalued currency serve to check the inflow of imported goods, this demand has stimulated the mushroom growth of local industry.

Another inflationary factor which must be taken into account is the immigration policy of the Australian government, which is designed to bring about a rapid enlargement of the population. Eventually the result should be a great increase in productive man-power; immediately, the program tends to expand the volume of purchasing power more rapidly than it adds to the volume of goods and services.

Australia is the most sparsely inhabited of all the continents. With an area roughly equal to that of the United States its population is only just over 8,000,000—a figure which makes its people very conscious of the overcrowded Asiatic countries to the north. Of course much of Australia is either desert or very low-grade grazing land, and only one-third of the whole area offers possibilities of economic development. However, it has been estimated that even if present extensive farming methods were continued, enough food could be raised to support a population of two or three times the present size. With an intensified, diversified agriculture many millions more could be fed. Moreover, Australia has abundant high-grade coal and iron ore, as well as other valuable minerals, and thus possesses the requisites for a large-scale industrial expansion.

During the inter-war period, when unemployment was often rife and prices of primary commodities were depressed for long periods, immigration was not encouraged, and the population grew slowly. But the struggle with Japan made Australians aware of the demographic nakedness of their land, and all parties have approved a policy intended to add ten to twelve million to the population by 1970. Non-Europeans need not apply—in fact, the law excludes them—but while Britons are given preference, Germans, Italians, Balts, Poles, and other European D. P.'s are being admitted in large numbers. Last year 167,727 immigrants entered, and now they are said to be arriving at the rate of 200,000 a year. With a natural increase of 100,000, this means that the population is growing at the phenomenal rate of 3½ per cent per annum.

In the nineteenth century, emigrants to the United States and other new countries were dumped on shore and left to fend for themselves. Sooner or later, it was assumed, private enterprise would employ them, and private capital would find it worthwhile to meet, in some fashion, the demand for accommodation and services they created. Things are different in Australia today. It has been the policy of the Labor government, which was defeated about a year ago, and of the present Liberal–Country Party coalition to plan for the reception of immigrants. Minimum-wage laws prevent their exploitation, and programs of public works help to keep the supply of housing, utilities, and services in line with the demand automatically created by the growth of population.

This is a socially sound policy, but in combination with the export bonanza to which I have already referred it has tended to promote inflation. Moreover, since the war ended, capital funds estimated at around £500,000,000 (Australian) have flowed into the country. In part this reflects permanent investment, but perhaps as much as half is short-term "hot money" belonging to speculators who hope that the Australian pound, long at a discount of 25 per cent in relation to the pound sterling, will eventually be revalued. Thus for one reason or another the Australian economy at the present time is suffering from a superfluity of monetary resources and a relative scarcity of goods.

Many economists consider that the government would be wise to revalue the Australian pound, since that would cut down the cash receipts of the sheep farmers and other primary producers, who would not suffer unduly in view of the trend of world prices, and would automatically cheapen prices of imported consumers' goods, providing some much-needed competition for inefficient high-cost local industries. It should then be possible to divert some of the man-power absorbed by non-essential industries to the labor-starved coal mines and steel mills, whose present inability to produce to capacity is a grave handicap to fundamental economic growth.

The Country Party section of the government has, however, insisted that this policy would mean too great a sacrifice for the farmers, and the Liberals, who represent the business interests, are unlikely to agree to the alternative—a sharp cut in tariffs. Consequently the government is trying to curb inflation by increasing taxes, tightening credit, and reducing expenditure. Its chances of success do not seem very good unless it makes really drastic cuts in public works and so imperils the immigration program.

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BOOKS and the ARTS

Miracle at Nook Farm

NOOK FARM: MARK TWAIN'S HARTFORD CIRCLE. By Kenneth R. Andrews. Harvard University Press. $4.75.

THIS painstaking reconstruction of his Hartford environment should settle for good several long-standing controversies about Mark Twain and the American scene. Nook Farm was the enclave of land on the outskirts of Hartford that John Hooker had peopled with relations and friends—Hookers, Beechers, Warners, Twitchells—to make a little world-within-a-world of hospitable, open-house living and diversified intellectual activity; it was here that Mark Twain was drawn by his marriage to Olivia Langdon, whose family were old friends of the Hookers. Far from being a cramping surrender to Eastern gentility, this move, Mr. Andrews pretty conclusively demonstrates, was about the most fortunate he could have made, both from a personal and a literary point of view. The avoidance of sex in his writings was the result of inhibitions developed long before he came to Nook Farm; and if Nook Farm shared them to some extent, so did most of American society, and even more deeply. For the rest it was the Nook Farm community, of which he immediately became the center, that adjusted itself to him, and not vice versa—if indeed there was any adjusting to be done: its tone and way of living were more congenial to him than anything he had known since his Missouri boyhood.

And in a literary sense—so one interprets the suggestions of Mr. Andrews's book—Nook Farm is also to be credited with a positive role in producing his best work. This was not, to be sure, a conscious role: the one book he wrote consciously for Nook Farm—it was almost a collaborative product—was "The Prince and the Pauper"; the Nook Farmers loved it and thought it was his finest book, an opinion he shared. They likewise felt some mild regrets that he should have to turn back to what they considered, as he did also, the inferior vein of "Life on the Mississippi" and "Huckleberry Finn," though they perfectly understood and sympathized with his motives. Here they were all in the same boat: professional people and fellow-writers, one of the main purposes of whose labors was to maintain for themselves and their families an open-handed scale of living that periodically threatened to outstrip their means—a situation in which Mark's far greater earning powers were offset by his penchant for "projects" like the disastrous typesetting machine.

But there was a deeper and more creative solidarity between Mark and Nook Farm and the Nook Farm authors, Harriet Beecher Stowe and Charles Dudley Warner. All were products of a pre-Civil War small-town or farm environment and deeply troubled and confused by the havoc the Gilded Age seemed to be wreaking on the values of their early lives—a situation to which Nook Farm was peculiarly sensitive, with its network of connections in the fields of religion, education, politics, and business. All, finally, in the stress of change turned back to recreate the vanishing world of their childhood values and in doing so produced their best work: Warner's forgotten "Being a Boy," Harriet Stowe's "Oldtown Folks," still a minor classic—and "Huckleberry Finn." The genesis of "Huckleberry Finn" remains no less essentially a miracle; but Mr. Andrews makes it entirely credible that the miracle should have taken place in Hartford, Connecticut, and with the help of, not in spite of, the kind of community context that Nook Farm provided its author.

For the rest, the links with Nook Farm were gradually broken after "Huckleberry Finn"; its work in Mark Twain's life was done; and indeed the peak of its own life was past. From here on one is permitted to speculate over options. Might not, for instance, the environment of the Stephen Crane–Joseph Conrad–Henry James circle in England have been favorable to a more highly integrated shaping of the black moods of Mark Twain's later years than they actually received? The idea—which is the reviewer's, not Mr. Andrews's—is not wholly unimaginable; but it raises no very intense regrets, and the results would probably not have been greatly different. "Huckleberry Finn" was enough. To follow Mr. Andrews's scrupulous tracing of all the lines that joined to produce the setting in which its composition took place necessarily calls for some patience on the reader's part, but in the end the labor is eminently worth the effort.

HOWARD DOUGHTY, JR.

Defeat of an Artist

THE DISENCHANTED. By Budd Schulberg. Random House. $3.50.

THE disenchantment in "The Disenchanted" is twofold: it is embodied in the personal catastrophe of Manley Halliday, fabulous novelist of the twenties, who survives as a historical curiosity into the thirties to encounter debt, alcoholism, Hollywood script writing, and sudden death; and, in a minor key, it is experienced by the companion of his final night journey, the youthful and author-struck Shep Stearns, whose emotions shift, in a few days' intimacy, from hero-worship to pity and thence to disgust, but who comes, finally, to the beginnings of wisdom and compassion as a result of this encounter with greatness in ruins. The novelist sounds like F. Scott Fitzgerald; the young man should certainly be Budd Schulberg eleven years ago—inferences variously affirmed and denied and, indeed, of no importance except to snappers-up of unconsidered literary trifles, for "The Disenchanted" is fiction, not biography.

It is intended, very clearly, as a serious study of what is likely to happen to the American artist who, after easy and early success, exists for a space as a kind of Peter Pan and is then destroyed by the bitch goddess turned, all unexpectedly, into an avenging fury. Fitzgerald is our most tragic and spectacular example of this gambit, but he has had many companions. Their predicament, one and all, is summed up tidily in Halliday's final delirium: ". . . *take it from me, baby, in America nothing fails like success.*"

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As a formulation of this thesis "The Disenchanted" is entirely readable. The prose is unpretentious, tight, and swift. It penetrates no depths, but in the Hollywood scenes, at least, a bright surface was all that was intended. The nightmare of Halliday's final collapse in the New England college town where he and Stearns have gone to garner local atmosphere for their idiotic movie script and their last horrid quest for shelter and surcease in New York City are entirely convincing reportage of physical and nervous anguish.

Yet "The Disenchanted" is not a successful novel. "I think that's what real literature should be," Mr. Schulberg has his only partially naive young man say at one point, "entertaining and convincing as contemporary reporting and yet with overtones of interpretation." Whether or not the author is speaking here, this plausible doctrine sums up in great part the effect of his book. It *is* entertaining and convincing as contemporary reporting—that is, its surfaces convince. It has no overtones, only a spate of fugitive generalizations about the artist and America, about Hollywood and the artist, about the literature of the twenties versus the literature of the thirties, about Life, and so on, as the dialogue flows hither and thither. Their soundness or unsoundness is not relevant to the fiction. (They read, however, like a mishmash of pseudo-anthropology, pseudo-sociology, and pseudo-history, the sort of easy and momentarily arresting culture-analysis that has been fashionable of late.) But it is to the point that they are merely attached to the characters and the plot. "Attached," for any one of these profundities might have been uttered by any one of the central characters—the producer-villain excepted.

The result is one of those novels which are eagerly read for information: to find out what life in Hollywood is like, or what the Jazz Age was like, or what it feels like to be a has-been. All these inquiries and many more are duly answered, for "The Disenchanted" is crowded with gossip-column information. But the characters, except for a few Hollywood and Ivy League stereotypes, are obscured in a cloud of explanations, labels, and deft verbalizations of external detail which, whatever their value as comments on American culture, are no meaningful re-creation of Manley Halliday and his defeat.

ERNEST JONES

The Political Shelley

THE YOUNG SHELLEY. Genesis of a Radical. By Kenneth Neill Cameron. The Macmillan Company. $6.

THE reputations of the two Shelleys, the poet and the thinker, are a study in metamorphosis. There was a time when Francis Thompson could praise Shelley's imagery by comparing it with Donne's at the expense of the latter, but poetic standards have been so revolutionized that in a time when Donne is universally admired, Shelley is regarded as a superior Swinburne. On the other hand, his reputation as a thinker has undergone a converse change, for while Dowden, his Victorian biographer, seemed heartily ashamed of his subject's political and philosophic ideas, Professor Cameron in "The Young Shelley" now successfully claims considerable importance for them. He makes it clear that the poet's youthful political writings and activities were the results of a serious ambition. The boy was raised in a political atmosphere by a father who hoped Shelley would succeed him as a Whig in Parliament. But instead he allied himself with some of the most radical causes of his day, undertaking the career of an active theorist and propagandist. The famous expulsion from Oxford was only the first of the penalties he suffered for propagating his ideas. He broke with his family, gave up his inheritance, and spent whatever he had in the cause of liberty.

Professor Cameron's study is a rich and detailed account of Shelley's development in the field where he felt his life's work lay. His youthful polemics assume new significance when discussed in connection with the political events and theories which inspired them. But the evaluation of Shelley as the "most penetrative creative thinker" of the school of radicalism associated with the French and American revolutions seems to be the admirable exaggeration of enthusiasm. He was certainly a thinker, and not the starry-eyed dodo the Victorians made of him. His theory that morality is a matter of the imagination, and that poetry serves it, not by teaching doctrine, but by strengthening the imaginative faculty from which it springs, has proved durable enough to be cited by John Dewey in the closing pages of "Art as Experience" as a perception of the true relation between art and morality. But his strictly political ideas were not original, or deeply philosophical, or expressed with fierce and cleansing wit; he was neither Rousseau, nor Godwin, nor Voltaire. It is no detraction of a poet to call him a visionary, and the ideas Shelley preached—human perfectibility, universal brotherhood, social equality, perfect liberty, and the rights of man—are the intoxicating poetry of liberal political thought. He performed the function of passing on the Promethean fire. "Queen Mab" became the bible of the Owenites, and Shelley the prophet of Chartism. Englishmen who followed him in fighting tyranny and persecution remembered and made use of him. But it was the spirit rather than the letter of his political utterances which counted. He was a great and rousing voice rather than a clear and convincing mind.

JACOB KORG

Socialism in Saskatchewan

AGRARIAN SOCIALISM. By S. M. Lipset. A Study in Political Sociology. University of California Press. $4.50.

THAT one of the most homogeneously rural areas of America, the Canadian province of Saskatchewan, should also be the only political entity in North America with an avowedly Socialist government is a paradox that has long startled political observers. What background of forces made the growth and ultimate political victory of the Saskatchewan Cooperative Commonwealth Federation possible? Did the C. C. F. really establish "socialism in one province"?

Professor Lipset in this exceedingly perceptive study provides us with most of the answers. Tracing the historical reasons for the growth of the Saskatchewan C. C. F., he shows that the movement was not extraneous to the province but rather grew logically from earlier experiments with various forms of cooperative effort. Cooperation developed in an attempt to overcome the peculiar handicaps facing the farmer in a one-crop region, as he struggled

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against the middleman and the financial interests which tended to dominate his life. Lipset sees the birth and final victory of the C. C. F. as the culmination of the long history of agrarian protest movements which goes back to the turn of the century. The Saskatchewan C. C. F. was by no means an import from the industrial East or a movement created by marginal and deviant personalities; it based itself from the beginning on the well-to-do farmer in his opposition against the monopolistic grip of elevator companies and grain traders. The C. C. F. came into being in the depth of the depression when these farmers felt that none of their cooperative marketing ventures had succeeded in insuring that minimum of security from the fluctuations of the market which they craved above all.

The author shows graphically the basic similarities between the Saskatchewan development and developments in other parts of the Great Plains on both sides of the border. The farmers' protest movement took different political forms in the Alberta Social Credit Party and the North Dakota Non-Partisan League, but this seems to him to be due to a combination of more or less fortuitous circumstances in a basically similar structural context. In Saskatchewan, Socialists obtained control of the agrarian protest; but Socialist ideology played the same functional role of channeling the inarticulate resentment of the farmers against the "Eastern monopolies and bankers" as other ideologies played in Alberta, North Dakota, and Minnesota.

Perhaps the most stimulating parts of the book deal with what is, indeed, the greatest crisis in any movement—the crisis of being successful. What happens to a movement with an avowedly Socialist program when it achieves power in a province that is almost completely agricultural? As he relates the policies of the government to the structure of the community in which it operates, Lipset shows how the climate of opinion as well as the political and economic constellation of forces limits the possible scope of the governmental policy makers. One is reminded of the quip of a prominent German party leader about his followers: "I am their leader, therefore I must follow them." The C. C. F. government here faces the basic dilemma of all democratic reform movements. It has implemented most of its pre-election promises in those areas which were directly related to immediate farmers' demands and in which it did not meet powerful political counter-pressure; but it also felt it necessary to make a number of serious non-Socialist concessions and subsequently to defend these compromises as definite assets. The years in office have tempered seriously much of the earlier radicalism.

The attempt to try Socialist experiments with hardly any control over the economic structure of the province or the country at large could hardly be expected to succeed. But if complete success in the achievement of initial goals were the gauge of a political movement, few if any could qualify. What is perhaps most important in the case of the C. C. F. is that it "has succeeded in involving more people in direct political activity than any other party in American and Canadian history, with the possible exception of certain similar farmers' parties." This is a party which is democratic not only in its avowed aims and ideologies but structurally also; it rests on a web of grass-roots organization and member participation. It demonstrates that those who claim that every reform movement must fall prey to the "iron law of oligarchy" are guilty of gross oversimplification. Professor Lipset does not deny the power of organization over ideology; he knows that "organizations tend to become ends in themselves which often are obstacles in the achievement of the original goal." He sees a number of signs that make him fear that the C. C. F. leadership also might fall victim of this "bureaucratic conservatism"; yet he also shows that vigorous participation of a membership which is really involved in the life of the party constitutes the most important insurance against the development of such tendencies.

This "Study in Political Sociology" indicates that sociological research must exhaust itself neither in meticulous inquiry into irrelevant detail nor in uncontrolled speculative "insights." Sociological investigation can be theoretically and technically sophisticated *and* deal with significant facets of the social structure.

LEWIS A. COSER

Verse Chronicle

THE "Oxford Book of American Verse" (Oxford, $5) is of course news; it is a pity that it is not better news. Its editor, the late F. O. Matthiessen, was by all accounts a good teacher and good man, whose life ended most unhappily; I hope it is not unkind to his memory to suggest that this anthology reflects a certain spiritual exhaustion rather than intrinsic lack of energetic critical acumen. The merits of the book are that, for one thing, it corrects the balance by eliminating a fair amount of the early and presenting a more than fair amount of the late: Edwin Arlington Robinson, who might be considered the first of modern poets, appears on page 463 and Robert Lowell rings down the curtain on 1106, so that well over half the book presents work of our own century. Another valuable feature is that the chosen authors are substantially represented, most of them anyway, and there is something to be said for this method, as against that of choosing many more authors and representing each by one high point, say, lyric or sonnet. (Not that the latter system is utterly indefensible, either.)

In this collection there are, there have to be, a good many of the old standbys. One does not resent this too much; still, if Amy Lowell's "Patterns" and MacLeish's "Ars Poetica" have to be included, why not also Joyce Kilmer's "Trees"? Neither Elinor Wylie nor Edna Millay seems adequately presented, the choice of the latter's work doing her considerably less than justice; and it also seems to me close to deplorable that space available for Cummings should be taken up with such trivial, and vulgar, specimens as "The way to hump a cow" and "She being brand-new." Never mind what authors I think should have been left out, of the moderns early or late; I do consider, and so state, that any anthology of our time which omits the work of Leonie Adams and Louise Bogan is grievously defective. And a final, if minor, protest: the hallowed name of Oxford should have more reverence for its tradition than to commit its proofreading responsibilities to whatever barbarous Thracian thinks it all right to have a grave accent on the first syllable of *heroa*, and no accent at

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all on *andra*, to say nothing of the direction of the breathings.

Delmore Schwartz, who is one of the four youngest poets included in the "Oxford Book," the others being Messrs. Shapiro, Jarrell, and Lowell, has a book of his own, "Vaudeville for a Princess, and Other Poems" (New Directions, $2.75). The book is got up in one of the several arty fashions to which this publisher is unhappily prone, the high point of something or other being reached on the page of front matter facing the copyright acknowledgments and preceding the dedication. Both poems and prose essays are included: the poetry of Mr. Schwartz suffers its most severe criticism at the hands of the author's own prose, for the latter is amusing, clever—if at times a bit glib—witty, bright, full of satirical energy and bounce, in short, extremely readable, whereas the verse tends to be solemn, owlish, abstract, tiresome, and, to my ear at least, almost entirely earless. There are, certainly in our time more than in some others, kinds of poetry which depend on the effects of the eye and can captivate by the rush and sparkle of a succession of images, but Mr. Schwartz's work does not seem to belong to this category; he labors in forms that make, as does for instance the sonnet, imperative demands on the ear. It's no good, for instance, to go rhyming down the last of an octave with *art, Park, heart, ark;* or *save, face, crave, grace;* it's no good to rhyme *capital* and *beautiful,* or *stockings* and *markings,*—and it's no good to tell me these are all calculated ironic effects, either.

Christopher Smart, known to us all as the mad poet of "A Song to David," appears in two volumes of "The Collected Poems" (Harvard University Press, $5 the set) as a sane and copious journeyman. Time, like the rest of us, can be now and then a capricious critic; there seems to be no particularly cogent reason why Smart's pieces should not have found their way into anthologies beside the more pedestrian efforts of some of his illustrious contemporaries, and some of his miniatures, for example, are as good, and this is no faint praise, as Clare's. The editor, Norman Callan, has written an introduction that is scholarly, informative, and readable. The collection, of course, includes the recently (1939) discovered long poem "Jubilate Agno," composed while Smart was enduring confinement for insanity; this is a wonderful piece, here and there in the manner of Blake, of almost infinite length, with something of Tom Wolfe's capacity for total recall, only a good deal funnier.

Postscript, as of November 2: "This shall be written of our time," wrote G. K. Chesterton, "that when the spirit who denies besieged the last citadel, blaspheming life itself, there were some, there was one especially, whose voice was heard, and whose spear was never broken." He was referring to George Bernard Shaw. ROLFE HUMPHRIES

THE EUROPEAN VIEW OF AMERICAN ART

ANYTHING in art that is surprising enough to be puzzling usually causes discomfort. It depends on the critic's sincerity whether he will suspend judgment and endure the discomfort until he is no longer puzzled. Often, however, he is tempted to ease himself by immediately pronouncing "bad." All that is likely to deter him is the fear, a lively one of late, that he might be making an egregious mistake on the order of those made by the first critics to witness the development of modern art. In Europe, apparently, this fear does not operate in the case of art coming from the United States. It seems to be assumed that since America has not yet produced anything very important in the way of art, there is little likelihood that it ever will.

The reception given by European critics to the American paintings they saw at this year's Biennale in Venice is what provokes these remarks—not, however, the appropriately contemptuous one given to the collection of "Magic Symbolists" or "Realists" sent to London this past summer under the auspices of the indefatigable Lincoln Kirstein; that show was sent with little blessing from this side either. I gather that the treatment our painters got at the hands of European critics was at best condescending, at worst indifferent or impatient. Aline B. Louchheim wrote in the last of her reports on the Biennale, in the New York *Times* of September 10, that "in general, our pavilion has been given not the 'silent treatment' [as claimed by *Time*] but merely cursory consideration." And she went on to say: "I am inclined to believe that this attitude has little to do with the show itself, but that its explanation lies in two other factors." The first, she says, is the "habit of Europeans to think of Americans as cultural barbarians"; the second, their resentment of their present military and economic dependence upon us.

Sight unseen, I tend to agree with Mrs. Louchheim. Still, this does not prevent me from being taken aback when Douglas Cooper of England dismisses John Marin as "convulsive and somewhat inept" and Jackson Pollock as "merely silly" (I cull these words from Alfred Frankfurter's column in the September *Art News*). Nor was I any less taken aback by the remarks of another British critic, David Sylvester, which *The Nation* published in these pages on September 9. What surprises me, however, in both cases is not the prejudice but the signs of a lack of critical competence.

I have had harsh words of my own to say about contemporary American art, and would still repeat a good many of them. And I do not hold a brief for all the American artists represented at Venice. Hyman Bloom and Lee Gatch are respectable painters, but the one lacks form and the other is thin, while Rico Lebrun strikes me as an out-and-out *pompier* whether he paints abstract or not. It is also possible that the examples of the others were badly chosen. I can see easily how Marin might be found clumsy in his bad pictures, of which he has painted a good many. Yet I feel sure that a few of the Marins at Venice must have been at least good enough to give pause to a competent eye. And the Gorkys, de Koonings, and Pollocks, whether good or bad examples, should have given more than pause, since their originality is larger and more impersonal than Marin's—which is not to say that they are necessarily better painters. I do not think that it is merely patriotism or provincial myopia that makes us take these four artists seriously in this country. We have had the chance to look at them repeatedly and we have

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compared them with the best of modern painting, of which there are as many examples here as in Britain. When I claim that Gorky, de Kooning, and Pollock have turned out some of the strongest art produced anywhere since 1940, it may be that I am insufficiently acquainted with the latest work done abroad. But it is with the masterpieces of Matisse, Picasso, Klee, and Miró in mind that I say that some of their work warrants a place of major importance in the art of our century.

Mr. Sylvester's remark about "the tradition of ham-fisted, paint-curdling illustration which stems from Albert Pinkham Ryder and Max Weber" makes one wonder whether he ever saw a picture by either artist. If he did, it must have been a very fleeting glance. And the glance he threw at Gorky must have been just as quick, for to connect Gorky, who was second to no painter of our time in sheer finesse, with anything "ham-fisted" and "paint-curdling" reveals a failure, not to appreciate Gorky, but to see him—that is, to make elementary use of one's eyes. There is in all this a negligent haste that forces me to suspect condescension on Mr. Sylvester's part toward things American; which is borne out by the dispatch with which he sums up our national character in a pair of clichés.

Like many other English critics, Mr. Sylvester approves of Alexander Calder among American artists—because he "makes things work"—and thought Rufino Tamayo, the Mexican, the best of all the new painters he saw at the Biennale. These preferences give us an excellent touchstone by which to estimate the taste that tried the Americans in Venice and found them wanting. We have known Calder and Tamayo longer than Europe has. The prompt, easy facility with which Calder handles a vocabulary of shapes taken over wholesale from Miró provides a kind of modern art one is prepared for. There is novelty—even if only mechanical—and an abstractness that seems racy and chic. This is modern the way it looked when it was *modern*, and the old excitement and up-to-dateness seem recaptured. But a longer look reveals the lack of inner necessity and the jejune reliance on tastefulness and little more. Tamayo is in his own way similarly destined for those who want to be let off easy by modern art, but not as easy of course as, say, Lincoln Kirstein. Up to a point he is a very accomplished painter. His lowering, warm color makes a first impression of strength, there is a Mexican fierceness of imagery, and it all has a high finish; here is discipline, apparently, ordered energy and invention. But this impression disappears when the eye begins to seek unity. All the excellent qualities in Tamayo's painting—the warm, intense color, the sumptuous yet clear surfaces, the neo-archaic, neo-Cubist drawing in the details—are offered separately, as it were, without unity of design, unfused. And finally one begins to perceive that the fierceness is really made to order and that the drawing is too Picassoid anyhow. Still, it is modern painting the way they have got used to it in Europe these past thirty years, and with a certain twist, a new *mise en scène* that protects it at first glance from the reproach of lacking originality. It is exactly what the enlightened critic has been ready to welcome ever since 1940.

The kind of art that Pollock, de Kooning, and Gorky present does not so much break with the Cubist and post-Cubist past as extend it in an unforeseen way, as does all art that embodies a new "vision." Theirs represents, in my opinion, the first genuine and compelled effort to impose Cubist order—the only order possible to ambitious painting in our time—on the experience of the post-Cubist, post-1930 world. The formal essence of their art is penetrated through and through by this effort, which gives their works their individual unity. At Venice they must have looked too new—new beyond freshness, and therefore violent; and I can understand why the Europeans were puzzled, given also that the experience conveyed is American experience, and still a little recalcitrant to art. But I did not anticipate that the critics of the present would be no more humble in the face of the surprising than their predecessors. I now see why

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Jean Dubuffet, the one new French painter since 1920 with something important to say, receives a cold shoulder in certain "advanced" circles abroad. And why Graham Sutherland gets away with it in England. They are still looking forward to the Picasso of 1928, even if it is only an academicized pastiche of him. CLEMENT GREENBERG

Mr. Sylvester Replies

IGNAZIO SILONE has said that the trouble with Communists is that they can never believe that any criticism of them is made in good faith. Conversely, starving Asians who have found some hope in communism are looked upon by Congress as perverse and evil. In the world of politics, where no one is disinterested, there is some excuse for attributing base motives to opinions that differ from one's own. Transported into the world of art, it becomes inexcusable as well as naive. Yet it is precisely what Mrs. Louchheim and Mr. Greenberg have done in explaining away European indifference to the American pavilion at the Venice Biennale as the product of anti-American prejudice. The falsity of this is shown by the enthusiastic reception which other American artistic manifestations—say, recent books by Trilling, Bowles, Powers, and Mailer—have had over here. Yet it is assumed that we consider you "cultural barbarians" because we criticized a single exhibition of paintings which makes no explicit claims to being a representative anthology of American art. Anyway, if our criticisms of your painters are the consequence of our "resentment" against our "economic dependence" upon you, your worries will soon be over so far as England is concerned; for after 1952 we shall need no more Marshall aid, and then we shall be able to give your art its due.

As to myself in particular, it is understandable that Mr. Greenberg reads an attitude of "condescension toward things American" into my habit of aphorizing glibly about the American character. Yet, in fact, this habit is due to a tendency to romanticize things American. I have not even a condescending attitude toward American art other than Calder's, and if the American pavilion had contained works by, say, Feininger, Shahn, Baziotes, and Hare, I should have been full of praise for it. It just happened that I disliked what it did include, just as I disliked—for a variety of reasons—the British pavilion, the Spanish pavilion, the French pavilion, and a number of other pavilions. I disliked it because most of it represented a brand of American romanticism which, whether its outlet is painting, literature, or the theater, I find repellent and contemptible, because it is incoherent, modernistic, mucoid, earnest, and onanistic, because it gets hot and bothered over nothing and reminds me of Steig's drawing called "I can't express it."

Still, the more important part of Mr. Greenberg's answer to my criticisms is that in which he set out "to estimate the taste that tried the Americans at Venice and found them wanting." As "touchstones" he uses my preferences for Calder and Tamayo. I think he dismisses Calder far too hastily. It is true that Calder has taken over a ready-made vocabulary of forms from Miró, and that in doing so he has divested them of their folkloric poetry. But he has made them serve a new and valid concept: that a piece of engineering can simulate the organic life of a plant—not only by its physical movement but by its power to convince the imagination that it is capable of growth. Something more than tastefulness and technical originality were required to achieve this. On the other hand, I think Mr. Greenberg's criticisms of Tamayo are eminently sound, though that does not mean I've gone back on my opinion of his merits in relation to those of the other youngish painters at the Biennale—who, by the way, did not include any of the Europeans I admire.

Where Mr. Greenberg goes wrong is in trying to infer my critical standards from insufficient evidence. If I regarded Tamayo as the Messiah of present-day art, if I had any liking for the work of Graham Sutherland, I would indeed be "still looking forward to the Picasso of 1928." But I don't. I'm afraid I can't vindicate myself in Mr. Greenberg's eyes by professing an admiration for Dubuffet. But I can say that two years ago I published in the *Tiger's Eye*, No. 6, a short article on Klee's later work which carried the implication that the art of Picasso belonged to the past—though I would now qualify this by saying that some vital influence might still be drawn from those paintings and lithographs of 1948 and after in which the object has become as it were a hole in space. I can also affirm that, contrary to Mr. Greenberg's belief, I was not disconcerted by the work of Gorky, Pollock, and de Kooning because it caught me unprepared. Actually, it seems to me that nobody familiar with Kandinsky's first abstracts and perhaps Ernst's Huboine Naturelle could be caught unprepared by it. That is debatable; this is a matter of fact. I first encountered Gorky's work at the International Surrealist Exhibition in Paris in 1947 and was then rather impressed by it; when I encountered it again, fresh from looking at masterpieces of cubism and fauvism, it stood up less well than Tamayo's. Pollock's approach has long been familiar to me, though at a more mature level, through the work of such European painters as Wols, Fin, and Ubac. So Mr. Greenberg is not quite accurate when he holds up Tamayo's art as exemplifying "modern painting the way they have got used to it in Europe these past thirty years."

Mr. Greenberg's great error is his no-

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tion that Pollock, Gorky, and de Kooning represent an exclusively American conception and that this conception is what is most contemporary in art today. I believe that something akin to what they are doing is being done very much better by Hartung and Kermadec. And I believe that this conception is not the last word: to me, the new vision means the less "modern" but more truly contemporary work of Masson, Tal-Coat, Gruber, Bacon, and, above all, Giacometti. I await Mr. Greenberg's revision of his former judgment in favor of one that I am still waiting for the Picasso of 1928, since these artists have turned aside from that Cubist order which he believes is "the only order possible to ambitious painting of our time." Is Mr. Greenberg prophet or dictator?—or does he intend to do all the ambitious painting himself? If not, how the hell does he know so much?

Once upon a time there was a critic called Baudelaire who had the advantage of being a genius. Like Mr. Greenberg, he affirmed the necessity of being absolutely modern. All the same, he failed to appreciate what really was modern in his time (Courbet, Manet) and put his faith in a romanticism which had been modern a few years before.

Drama

MARGARET MARSHALL

IN "The Country Girl" (Lyceum Theater) Clifford Odets uses an incident of the theater—the return to glory of an actor (Paul Kelly) who has been undone by his own weakness and self-deception, plus drink. He is in the last stages of demoralization when a brilliant young director offers him a big part. The actor's wife (Uta Hagen), who is about to leave him, stands by instead, and she and the director between them force the actor to accept his chance. Part of the drama rises from the struggle between the wife and the director, whose own unhappy marriage, just ended, has made him bitter toward women; he is convinced that the actor's wife is a ruinous influence and is confirmed in his opinion by the self-defensive lies of the actor himself. In the end the actor triumphs, the wife's true worth is revealed; the director falls in love with the actor's wife and presumably becomes wiser about women.

The play is well made. Mr. Odets knows the language and ways of the theater. He knows also how to build a scene and how to induce a rising tension. And the situation, if small, is interesting.

Paul Kelly and Uta Hagen get out of their roles as much as Mr. Odets has put into them, but the characterizations are uneven in quality. That of the wife is both convincing and sympathetic—and Uta Hagen is the star of the proceedings; that of the actor is much less so. It is difficult, of course, to show the greatness of an actor in dramatic terms, and Elgin's greatness is not demonstrated; on the human side—and this is more serious—he never seems lovable, though heels sometimes are, and one never quite accepts his wife's unfailing devotion.

The characterization of the director is the least convincing of all, and I didn't think that Steven Hill was very well cast. A man as hard and ambitious as Bernie Dodd is supposed to be might be sentimental about an actor he had admired in his youth, but it seems hardly likely that he would take such risks to bring him back; Dodd's distrust of women seems likewise made to order. Finally, there is something rather jejune about the role as written and Hill's acting of it.

The dialogue is in general deft and knowing; it displays little depth of thought or feeling. I think that the play as a whole would be set down, if one did not know who had written it, as the promising work of a clever young playwright rather than the mature expression of a seasoned dramatist.

Witches, of the charming variety, are in fashion this season. Pamela Brown in "The Lady's Not for Burning" is only accused of being one; Lilli Palmer in "Bell, Book, and Candle" (Barrymore Theater) actually is a witch, and so are her brother and her aunt. They are contemporary witches, moreover, who play hob with such modern appliances as telephones and Yale locks. But Gillian Holroyd (Miss Palmer) comes a cropper when she tries her tricks on that ancient article of consumers' goods called love. She falls victim to it herself and is thereby deprived, automatically, of her supernatural powers. John Van Druten's play is the lightest of light comedies, but it is amusing and sophisticated, and it is directed and played with so much style and such care for detail—the way for instance, in which Miss Palmer whirls a cloak about herself as if

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she were about to mount a broomstick—that it affords that special pleasure which comes from watching sheer skill in performance.

Miss Palmer is wonderfully matched with Rex Harrison, in whose acting every word and gesture has its point and place; and the other members of the cast are excellent—though elegant is the word for the appearance and performance of the Siamese cat who plays Gillian's familiar.

As is almost inevitable in such plays, the first act is the best, the second and third are less good, in that order.

Music

B. H. HAGGIN

OF THE new works presented by the Sadler's Wells Ballet this year Ashton's "Les Patineurs" made pretty much the same impression as when it was done by Ballet Theater: that the subject limited the style of the movement, and the banal and short-breathed Meyerbeer music held it down further, the result being choppiness and, in the end, monotony in the repetition of what was amusingly ingenious at first. The movements of De Valois's "Don Quixote" had no point beyond the literal one of the story; and a couple of scenes were all I could sit through. Ashton's "Dante Sonata" I did not see; nor "Giselle," for which I was given—and sent back—seats from which I would have seen, mostly, only latecomers walking down the aisle (why people go on paying up to $6 to be victimized in this way by the practice of seating latecomers is as incomprehensible as some of the other things people do—in elections, for example).

The enriching experiences were, therefore, the repetitions of some of last year's offerings. On the one hand Ashton's comedy masterpieces: "Façade," with its heavily underlined caricatures; and the subtler and more elaborated "Wedding Bouquet," so wittily contrived in relation to the blandly innocent music of Lord Berners and the Gertrude Stein irrelevancies issuing explosively from a mind seemingly preoccupied and apart. And on the other hand "The Sleeping Beauty" and "Le Lac des cygnes." The public that has seen only fragments of these old classics is enormously indebted to the Sadler's Wells Ballet for the opportunity to experience them in their entirety and with such splendor of scenery, costumes, music, and dancing.

An additional pleasure again was the special style of the company—its precision achieved with unostentatious assured competence, its warmth and animation achieved with personal sweetness and good manners. And the greatest pleasure of this sort was provided by the company's leading ballerina, Margot Fonteyn, who epitomizes its style in the elegance of carriage and movement with which she goes through the dazzling technical feats in those old ballets.

Altogether these performances were something to treasure in one's memory until the next visit.

It may be that Roland Petit's Les Ballets de Paris was something not to see right after the Sadler's Wells; but although I could appreciate Petit's striking personal style as a dancer I found myself unexcited by the shock-after-shock-after-shock method of "the Orson Welles of French ballet" (as Edwin Denby once characterized him) in "Carmen," unresponsive to the ingenious circus invention in "Les Forains," and not even amused by "L'Oeuf à la cocque" this time.

As for the Marquis de Cuevas's Grand Ballet, the artistic intelligence and taste directing its operations hit one in the eye right from the start with a piece called "Divertissement," which turned out to be an assemblage of some of the fragments of "The Sleeping Beauty" we have seen in "Princess Aurora" and "Aurora's Wedding"—with the costumes in a hideous modern style that clashed with the luxuriant style of music and movement, the music badly conducted, the movement badly danced, and the piece blasted apart by the interpolated "Black Swan" pas de deux. In this there was the beautiful dancing of Eglevsky (but also his walking about with upturned wrists) and the technical security and brilliance of Hightower (but also her hamming of the ballerina grand style). There were, then, occasional enjoyable experiences—Balanchine's "Night Shadow" and "Concerto Barocco," however imperfectly done, his amusing Pas de trois classique, Ana Ricarda's "Del Amor y de la muerte," the dancing of Eglevsky and Hightower in classical pas de deux, the impassioned elegance of Skibine and beautiful dancing of Marjorie Tallchief in "Night Shadow" and "Del Amor," the dancing of Ricarda in her own piece. But with them there was so much more that was unattractive that I stopped going.

Better to wait for the New York City Ballet's season—for, among other things, Balanchine's "The Prodigal Son," this time with the scenery and costumes designed by Rouault and with Moncion and Yvonne Mounsey in the leading roles in which they are reported to have had a spectacular success in London; for the revival of another of Balanchine's dramatic ballets, "Le Baiser de la fée," which has some of his most wonderfully imaginative invention and Stravinsky's most beautiful score; and for a new piece by Balanchine, a Mazurka, with Yura Lazovsky and Balanchine himself among the dancers.

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Letters to the Editors

Delinquent Scientist?

Dear Sirs: I found it incredible that *The Nation,* of all journals, should carry so distorted a review of Sheldon's "Varieties of Delinquent Youth" as Gerald Sykes wrote for the issue of October 7. Ordinarily, if one does not like the way a book is reviewed, one can shrug it off with a "de gustibus." When a piece of dangerously fascistic pseudo-science is hailed in such glowing terms, however, it is clear that questions of principle, not of taste, are involved.

The reviewer cannot possibly have read the book at all attentively if he came away with the impression that "*all* [his italics] of the criminal types under study turned out to have a similar body-structure." It is true that there was a heavy concentration of "endomorphic mesomorphs," but every other one of the principal types of build was represented; there was a pronounced dearth only of cases very low in mesomorphy (the bone-and-muscle component of physique).

More serious, however, is the fact that the reviewer is completely taken in by the scientific pretentiousness of the book and is apparently without critical tools to recognize the fallacy of the book's principal argument. Because most of a *selected* group of more or less delinquent boys were found to have certain physical characteristics in common, and because social workers' notes often recorded the observation that their parents were "coarse and heavy" and frequently in trouble with the law, it is concluded that *all* these qualities of physique and of behavior are inherited, and that delinquency is a biological problem. The solution? Genocidal wars, to be followed by an American dictatorship over the world, the prohibition of the inheritance of wealth, the abolition of the family, a thoroughgoing, state-controlled eugenic program of "drastically reduced, selective reproduction," and the replacement of organized religion by constitutional psychology! Yes, these are actually the solutions that Sheldon seriously suggests.

The study itself is an interesting, persuasively presented job, which obviously required years of devoted labor. Yet it is so lacking in the most elementary scientific controls that it is quite impossible to make any generalizations from it. No attempt was made to get an adequate sampling of delinquents; for all we know, Sheldon may have chosen to omit all who lacked muscular strength. (He tells us that he left out of the study "a few who presented nothing in their histories . . . particularly arrestive of attention.") No attempt was made to ascertain the extent to which environmental influences of all kinds were responsible for any of the variables studied; it is just dogmatically stated that such things are overrated, and that delinquency *is* biological! There was no control group of boys with comparable socio-economic backgrounds but without delinquency.

It is not uncommon to see technical considerations ignored in reviews outside of scientific journals. But it seems incredible that a reviewer for *The Nation* should not be appalled by the Buchenwald stench that drifts from the pages when Sheldon blandly refers to the recently arrived Jewish and Italian population of New York as "vermin" to be wiped out: "The thing to do might be to promote exterminative wars with all possible dispatch" (p. 793). Most of the familiar features of fascist ideology are here: hero-worship ("we are always in trouble. . . . Heroes always have to get us out," p. 857), racist thinking, open contempt for the masses ("our best stock tends to be outbred by stock that is inferior to it in every respect. And I mean inferior *in every respect,*" p. 836), the cult of the superman ("the new biological humanics [Sheldon's substitute for religion] will rest on a moral philosophy designed to emulate and to 'do the will of' . . . the superman just barely beyond the reach of the most fully and roundly developed among us," p. 91), and finally a Messianic self-glorification of truly grandiose proportions: Sheldon starts out to report a study of two hundred boys and ends up with a plan to rule the whole world and cure it by the worship of his own ideology.

For these reasons I could not let Sykes's review go unanswered. Sheldon has written a scientifically incompetent and socially vicious book, a direct antithesis to all that *The Nation* stands for.

ROBERT R. HOLT

Topeka, Kan., November 1

Amazing Review

Dear Sirs: Gerald Skyes's review of W. H. Sheldon's "Varieties of Delinquent Youth" is as amazing a performance as the book itself. Sykes describes as "in the line of William James" a style whose originality and wit sink to the level of such trite barnyard humor is "busy as a hen with one chicken," "troublesome like a flock of geese," "like all get out," etc., and classifies as a scientific contribution of first rank a book whose lack of familiarity with the basic data in political science, economics, anthropology, international relations, and related fields is second only to Velikovsky's on astronomy and physics.

Sheldon's competence as an anthropometrist is superb, but as a student of human relations he hardly exhibits those "exceptional gifts of common sense" with which Sykes credits him; he dogmatically dismisses as "monkey traps" most of the issues *The Nation* champions, without any competent discussion of relevant facts.

Is it the economic and political reforms of the New Deal? These, says Sheldon, are "among the most obvious of the Dionysian delinquencies," and their author, F. D. R., "probably tipped the scales toward selling out what hope there was in our English-speaking breed" and must be bracketed with Neville Chamberlain and Hitler as "a thousand times more delinquent than any boy in the HGI series, for each wielded enormous power in a delinquent direction."

Is it world peace? Then, thinks Sheldon, war may be "the cheapest way out of the mess we have got into."

Is it the theory of American initiative in launching a preventive war? Then we are advised that America must "assume full responsibility of world-wide military and police maintenance. . . . *If we ourselves lack the resolution to rule,* it is probably better, having been rulers, to die defiantly" (italics Sheldon's).

Is it birth control? This is dismissed as a "hebephrenic gesture . . . rooted in our paranoiac obsession with monogamy," which will continue until "the reproduction and rearing of children are delegated to a few adapted and trained to these specialties."

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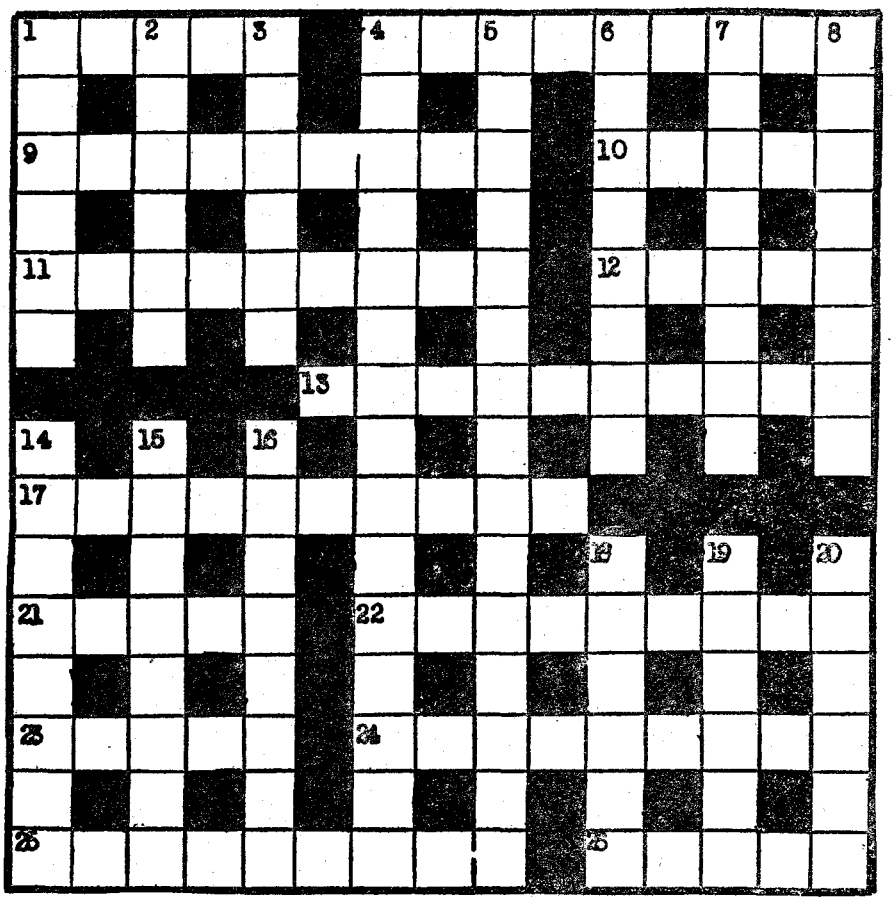
Crossword Puzzle No. 389

BY FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 To imply a positive inferno!
4 To steal half a cow?
9 *Losers do, compared to winners—* and they feel it!
10 One spelling of the dramatist Shean.
11 The stuffy part of Longfellow's strange device.
12 See 2 down.
13 With podia of bats?
17 Lie natural on one side only.
21 So-called because there's a lot to win at it?
22 I ration it, as a starter.
23 What the mechanized wolf does when he corners his so-called quarry?
24 The kind of evening partly responsible for a long run.
25 One who has just come over.
26 Succeed.

DOWN

1 Moves forward slowly with several others on foot.
2 and 12. A votre sante! (6, 5)
3 How June appears by day?
4 Caesarian operation? (7, 8)
5 If asked to, one might say "Well, it's round-----." (8, 1, 6)
6 Permit the League applied in vain.
7 Little time to sound like a good example.
8 Time for a balanced rise and fall?
14 The period one might come to at the crossroads. (4, 4)
15 A good sign of winning over a sort of riotous performer.
16 Blind with jealousy, according to the French.
18 Teach, for example, and print if unauthorized.
19 Claims members of the Union.
20 A game that Emerson found rude.

• • • • •

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE No. 388

ACROSS:— 1 DIVIDED HIGHWAY; 9 VINEGAR; 10 WATTEAU; 11 LEAF-EATER; 12 EASED; 13 AUSTRIA; 15 EXOGAMY; 16 VARIOUS; 18 ENTHRAL; 20 COVEY; 21 RIFLE FIRE; 23 TENSION; 24 CHELSEA; 25 CATTLE RUSTLERS.

DOWN:—1 DEVIL'S ADVOCATE; 2 VANDALS; 3 DAGUERREOTYPIST; 4 DURST; 5 INWARD EYE; 6 HIT BELOW THE BELT; 7 APEPSIA; 8 SUNDAY BLUE LAWS; 14 ASSURANCE; 17 RAVENNA; 19 REISSUE; 22 FICHU.

Readers are invited to send for a free copy of Mr. Lewis's "ground rules." Address requests to Puzzle Dept., The Nation, 20 Vesey Street, New York 7, New York

One can agree with Sykes that "fortunately, despite the political implications of his work, Sheldon is not in politics," but for quite different reasons than he states. One can also agree that the book will be "ignored," not because it forces us to face "unpleasant realities," but because of its political and economic fallacies and the author's intellectual arrogance. Both author and the reviewer have yet to learn that deductive speculation about human relations on a biological basis has the same virtues and defects as any other type of uncontrolled speculation: it is exceedingly suggestive of hypothesis but utterly barren of probative value.

HOWARD E. JENSEN

Durham, N. C., November 3

Sheldon Misquoted

Dear Sirs: When I read Dr. Holt's letter I was at first surprised and dismayed that I could have praised a book to which he attributed such unlovely quotations. But then I checked up on them. Here is what Sheldon actually wrote on page 793: "For if the whole population is delinquent, or a major portion of it, then the concept of delinquency disappears, as a hollow disappears in a flood, and we are merely in a bad period of history. Then instead of writing books the thing to do might be to promote exterminative wars with all possible dispatch. When a species on this pellet gets out of hand and becomes vermin, the first thing you have to do is drastically to reduce its numbers." Obviously, the "vermin" referred to is man, not any specific group of men, but all of us. And the self-satirical reflection upon himself, as a mere writer of books, when logic might indicate more drastic activity, I took—and still take—as quite harmless irony.

But the next "quotation" is still more revealing. On page 857 Sheldon actually wrote: "There is in human beings a heroic quality which repeatedly and continuously has saved our bacon. It is no small thing to have conquered the earth with the relatively light muscular power that we carry, and finally to have circumvented the great cats, wolves, bears, and the rest of the carnivores who have liked the savor of human meat as we like the meat of those fellow-animals on whom we continue to prey. It was done by heroes, and one of the major (and recently most neglected) problems of social life is that of the nurture of heroism. We are always in trouble, always in

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the power of dragons or monkey traps. Heroes always have to get us out." Again it is beyond me how this passage could have been twisted into fascistic hero-worship, especially when the next paragraph commends those modern heroes who do battle against "delinquent institutions."

The passage on page 836 continues after the words cited by Dr. Holt: "It is the fashion in some academic circles to assure students that the alarm over differential birth rates is unfounded; that these problems are merely economic, or merely educational, or merely religious, or merely cultural, or something of the sort. This is Pollyanna optimism. Reproductive delinquency is biological and basic." Dr. Holt calls this "racist thinking and open contempt for the masses." I see it and allied passages, on the contrary, as a courageous attempt to face an extremely unpleasant problem that liberals are all too likely to shun. I do not know the solution for it, and would have serious doubts about anyone who would solve it readily or drastically; but I do not want it *hushed up*, or misrepresented as Dr. Holt has done.

Here is what Sheldon actually wrote on page 91: "My guess is that the new biological humanics, when it comes to birth, will rest on a moral philosophy designed to emulate and to 'do the will' not of a deity of 7-7-7 proportions but of a hypothetical biological reality of about 4½-4½-4½ proportions. That would be the superman just barely beyond the reach of the most fully and roundly developed among us." In other words, this is no supine plea for a superman to rule over us, as Dr. Holt has unaccountably made it seem, but an imaginative speculation, in the author's own scientific shorthand, on the possibility of replacing an unrealizable abstract deity with a more rational model drawn from life. I find it an interesting idea, though I happen to disagree with it.

In view of Dr. Holt's demonstrable falsifications, I do not think it necessary to defend myself against the charges he makes against me. He accuses me of inaccurate reporting and of gullibility. I am quite willing to take my chances with any fair-minded reader who will compare my review with the book it describes. All the criminal types under study *did* "turn out to have a similar body-structure"—not all the delinquent types, but all the *criminal* types.

Dr. Holt has attributed a fantastic program to Dr. Sheldon—genocidal wars, American dictatorship of the world, and so on. He has said that the book lacks "the most elementary scientific controls," that it is "scientifically incompetent and socially vicious," and that it gives off a "Buchenwald stench." I am completely at a loss as to how he arrived at these conclusions, though an examination of his "quotations" has led me to feel that I should not be surprised at any charge that issued from him.

In his letter, Mr. Jensen also has lifted quotations out of the context in such a way as to give misleading impressions. I will forbear from further line-by-line corrections such as I already have supplied in this correspondence. I will only say that to compare Sheldon cattily with Velikovsky, to accuse him of "lack of familiarity with the basic data in political science," to insist that his work will be ignored (at a time when it is being used more and more in hospitals, clinics, universities, social agencies), to overlook his heroic effort to raise his specialty into the realm of general thought—all these are simply evidence of the barrenness of polemics.

On the subject of style, Mr. Jensen also complains of Sheldon's "barnyard humor," while ignoring entirely a truly remarkable gift for neologism that has given us such vivid and profound expressions as "animectomy complex" and "somatonic revolution," not to mention dozens of more amusing ones like *"homosexualitas any-old-holibus."* Stylists like Huxley and Auden have been willing to borrow from him, but Mr. Jensen is content to lift a few words out of their context and to find fault with them.

A good book will survive even the worst readings. If Sheldon's book falls into that class, it will make its presence felt. It has the misfortune to deal courageously with a subject that most nice people shrink from. It also has some faults, but these, in my opinion, are of minor importance. There will be great resistance to it because it makes us face the fact that more and more people are born irremediably into bad bodies, bad characters, bad destinies. It rubs our nose in a mess we never made but none the less must live with. Those of us who wish to grow up, I think, will some day find time to read it. The subject of heredity is sealed today by a democratic taboo. It is in somewhat the same position that sex occupied among the Victorians. Only a false liberalism will bar it from discussion because it leads to disagreeable facts and possibly even to blind alleys. That kind of intellectual timidity is what neo-fascists will desire most fervently for liberals.

GERALD SYKES

East Hampton, N. Y., November 5

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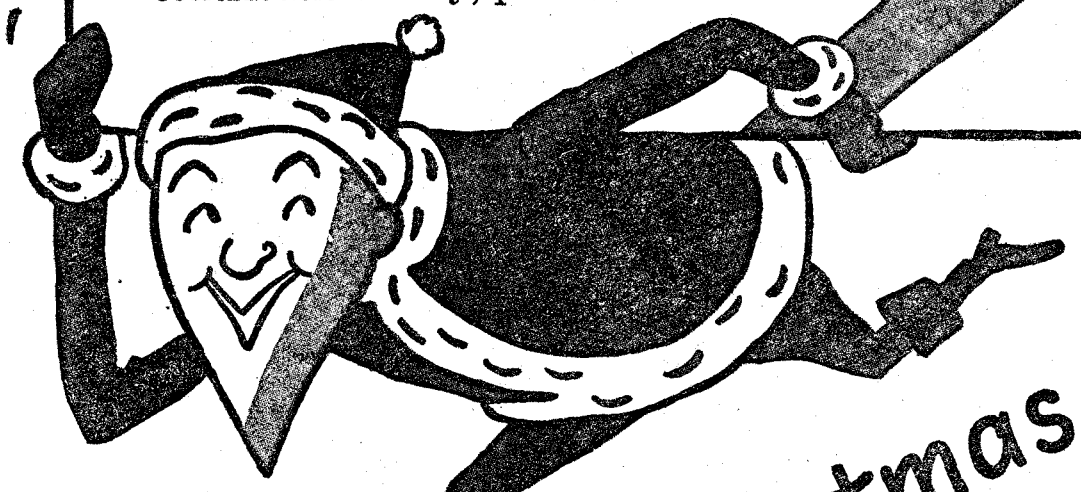

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